REAL WEST

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

50¢ FEB. 1975 CDC 00174

STORY OF THE COWBOY

THE JAMESES
n California

SHAKESPEARE
A Roaring Mining Camp

CHARLES SIRINGO
A Texas Cowboy

FREMONT
Triumph Between Tragedies

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A DOCTOR DISCOVERS VERMONT'S SECRET

HEALTH NEWS

WHY PEOPLE IN VERMONT ARE HEALTHIER, LESS OVERWEIGHT, STAY YOUNG LONGER, LIVE LONGER THAN PEOPLE OF ANY OTHER STATE IN THE UNION

Did you know that: You were designed by nature to live an average age of 105? A high protien - low carbohydrate diet is unnatural for you and dangerous to your health? Overweight is caused by bad nutrition which also causes other common visible disorders such as loss of hair, acne, arthritis, nervous tension, insomnia, etc.? That you can feel good and get high without drugs?

These are just a few of the discoveries made by Vermont doctor, D.C. Jarvis M.D., in his life-long study of the unbelievably effective health practice known as VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE. For 200 years, before publications by Dr. Jarvis, this practice has been known only to native Vermonters.

VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE was developed from nature's plan - not man's. It was developed by watching the animals who rely on their instincts provided by nature. This is the same way the super-effective defense arts of Judo, Karate and Kung Fu were developed. How can anyone expect to develop a better system than the designer of it all - Mother Nature?

VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE is based on the premise that man does not have to undergo physical impairment and weakening with age. In Vermont you can see people in their eighties putting in a full days work in the fields with sound minds and bodies.

VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE was designed to help man live his full average life which by nature's plan should be 105 years. Yes it's true. It is a common fact that an animal lives to be 5 times his maturity age. A horse matures at 4 years and easily lives to be 20. A cow matures at 2½ years and easily lives to 12. A dog matures at 1½ years and easily lives to be over 8-many live much longer. Man is an animal. BUT, THE AVERAGE MAN IN THE U.S. WHO MATURES AT 21 WILL DIE AT AGE 62, THAT'S 43 YEARS BEFORE HIS TIME! With exception of a notorious retirement state, which can't be counted, Vermont leads all other states in percentage of population over 65. Not long ago it had 40,000 persons over that age, and each year nearly 2500 reach it!

D.C.Jarvis,M.D.

Short lives, senility, excessive disease, and so on are not in nature's plan. What's the culprit? The free will of man! Although free will is indeed a wonderful thing, it does have some bad side effects. Unlike the animals, we stray away from our childhood instincts.

The first thing discovered by VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE is that each species is designed to have a different diet. Nature's plan for man's diet requires a high intake of carbohydrates represented by fruits, berries, edible leaves, and honey, and a low intake of protien represented by eggs, meat, milk, cheese etc. Man was also designed to eat food derived from corn and rye and not from wheat, which produces an alkaline blood condition.

Nature designed nearly all animals to have a natural blood condition on the acid side. Blood which leans toward the alkaline side is a health hazard. Medical school studies show that harmful bacteria breeds best in an alkaline environment. Also alkaline blood is thicker than acidic blood. This makes it more difficult for the blood to nourish cells, and increases the probability of heart attacks. So everyday Americans are killing themselves with diets that are contrary to nature's plan.

The following are symptoms of bad nutrition and a diet that is contrary to nature's plan: low energy, depression, insomnia, itchy skin, chronic headache, sensitivity to temperature, sinus trouble, lingering colds, dizzy spells, gas and indigestion, poor blood circulation, falling hair, dandruff, blemishes, lack of skin color, and overweight.

Vermont is a beautiful state where people live close to the land and the animals. **Photo courtesy of the State of Vermont Agency of Development and Community Affairs.*

Two important foods in VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE are honey and apple cider vinegar. They are a major contribution toward providing the correct carbohydrates, the correct nutrition and an acidic blood condition.

Why honey? Honey contains two natural and vital sugars, dextrose and levulose, that pass into the system immediately. Honey is free from bacteria. Experiments show that bacteria will not live in honey. Honey is a mild, natural sedative which is calming to the body. Honey is a mild, natural laxitive. Honey is nonirritating to the digestive track. Honey is, of all sugars, handled best by the kidneys. Honey is rich in vital minerals from the flowers.

Why apple and vinegar? Apple cider vinegar carries with it all the vital life elements of the apple. Apple cider vinegar maintains the proper acid level of the blood. Apple cider vinegar can maintain your proper weight. Dr. Jarvis's book describes a method using apple cider vinegar where the person eats normally but will gradually lose weight until the body finds its proper weight level. With this method women will gradually see their dress size go from 20, to 18, to 16 and gradually stop at their natural body size. Men will see a 40 inch waist line drop to 38, then 36 and finally to the proper size as the body properly burns off excess fat because it is in the proper chemical state that nature intended.

It is not enough, however, to only know the ingredients of good health. You must know how and in what combination to use honey, vinegar and other vital products of nature. Dr. Jarvis has published the results of his life long study of VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE in this book titled FOLK MEDICINE. In every day language he tells you how to use VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE. Here are some of the highlights of this book:

* *How VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE can help you live a longer, fuller, healthier life.*
* *How to use honey and apple cider vinegar to: 1) gain renewed health and energy, 2) as part of prenatal care to produce a strong healthy baby, 3) Produce sound sleep, 4) Reduce your susceptibility to disease, 5) Reduce the chance of heart attacks, 6) Produce a relaxed comfortable state of being.*
* *How to use honey and apple cider vinegar to cure: 1) morning sickness, 2) sinus, 3) migraine headaches, 4) dizziness, 5) arthritis, 6) bed-wetting, 7) coughs, 8) hay fever 9) colic in babies.*
* *How to use apple cider vinegar, castor oil, and corn oil to 1) produce beautiful healthy skin and bring color back 2) clear up blemishes, 3) get rid of dandruff, 4) grow healthy hair and eyelashes, 5) cure hives, 6) cure hemorroids, 7) get rid of moles, 8) relieve lameness, 9) treat poison ivy, 10) treat shingles, 11) eliminate night sweats, 12) get rid of varicose viens, 13) get rid of ring worm, 14) treat impetigo, 15) get rid of hangover.*
* *How to get your daily requirement of the all important minerals phosperous and potassium which: 1) form healthy bones, teeth and hair; 2) maintain proper growth control; 3) replace wornout tissue; 4) fight disease; 5) cure high blood pressure; 6) cure heart trouble, 7) cure migraine headaches.*
* *How you can rebuild your body after age 50 and be alert, active and productive in your eighties and beyond.*
* *How to lose weight and maintain your proper weight level with a special method using apple cider vinegar.*

At this point I would like to insert the opinion of the writer. Today there are many exaggerated claims and falsehoods. I can tell you that everything you see written here is true. VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE and Dr. Jarvis's studies do exist. A phone call or letter to any official office such as the Greater Vermont Chamber of Commerce will verify this. As a reporter, I rarely get excited about a project. But, before writing this article, I used the diets and methods described in Dr. Jarvis's book for 3 months. Few Americans have any idea what it is like to be truly healthy as nature intended. Life was meant to be very pleasant. VERMONT FOLK MEDICINE has had the following effection me: I feel very calm and at peace with the world. I have an abundance of energy and endurance. I look better and healthier. But, most of all, I just feel good all over. In fact, at times, I feel so good that I tingle all over and feel like I'm walking on air. If people would only know what it's like to feel as nature intended, they would never take drugs. Nature's plan allows you to get high without drugs.

For those interested in obtaining a copy of Dr. Jarvis's book, FOLK MEDICINE, the following information is given: The book is being distributed by PCA - The Publishing Corporation of America. On a blank piece of paper write the words "FOLK MEDICINE" followed by your name and address. Mail this along with $9.95 in cash, check or money order to: P.C.A.; Dept. RWB2 6233 Whipple Avenue N.W.; Canton, Ohio 44720. The price includes postage and handling. Make checks payable to PCA.

Today, if you wish, you can get this book at a large discount. P.C.A., in a survey, would like to know what age group is interested in this book. During this survey, those who include their date of birth along with their order will get a bonus discount. The cost to you, if you submit your date of birth, is only $6.95. You get a full 30% discount. To qualify, simply write your month, day and year of birth after your address.

Should you spend a couple minutes and a few dollars to acquire this valuable health knowledge? Studies show that people will think nothing about spending hundreds or thousands of dollars on homes and cars, but are reluctant to spend a few cents on themselves. As the proverb goes: "When you have your health you have everything - lose your health and nothing really matters."

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REAL WEST

PUBLISHER/John Santangelo, Jr.
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COPY EDITOR/Charlotte Waller
ADVERTISING PRODUCTION/Bob Shaw
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Volume XVIII
Number 135
February 1975

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By Sam Bloom

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BIG BILL STEWART, THE SIXGUN SENATOR
By William Wingfield

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SKELETON CANYON'S TRAIL OF DEATH
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By Mario A. DeMarco

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REAL WEST published monthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Vol. XVIII, No. 135, Feb. 1975. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn. ©Copyright 1974 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Executive offices and office of publication, Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Subscription $5.00 per year. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Printed in the USA. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016. (212-686-9050).

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YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...

If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression ...loss of confidence in yourself and others... feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart... that your identity is dissolving... or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And—equally as bad—*how your nerves have tricked you* into the following physical symptoms:

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on...

"missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart...

sweating hands—or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision ...weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking... panic spasms... knots in your chest... dizziness... difficulty in swallowing... vomiting... *and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished ...And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE *INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!*

And that insight is this:
If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... *they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED..."rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation ...*and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus, the depression... indecision... loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach... palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs... NOT with shock... NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on!* The second of which *serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and—instead—*leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which—the great reward—*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy!* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *"The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it"!*

In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from... how "deeply entrenched" they are... how long you have been plagued by them... how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body"!*

For example:

The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) *that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot*—including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints, inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—*how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!*

Physical weakness—perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms—and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion... morning depression... thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind—*for good!*)

Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques *actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!*

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluable problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, *actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success!*

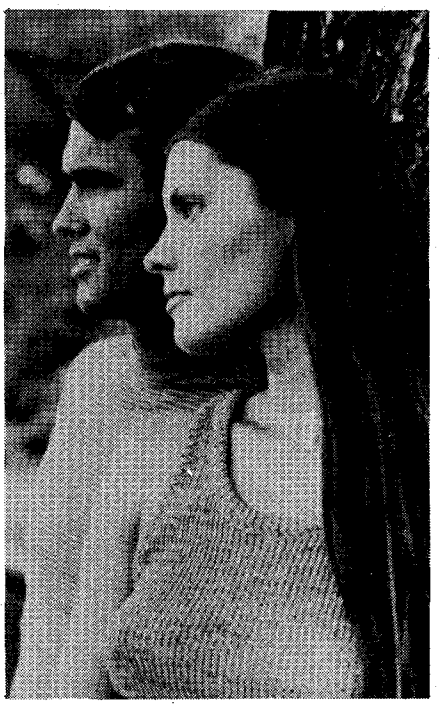
The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

How to bring happiness back into your everyday life! Not by waiting for some great event or reward... *but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!*

How to beat insomnia! Again, specific, proven step-by-step instructions! Ten different aids that may have you waking up tomorrow morning as fresh as a baby, with eight full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And—the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!



WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."

"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."

"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective—and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me.

"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."

"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."

"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured.... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."

"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book... that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."

"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."

"My wife has made a vast improvement since using your book and now feels for the first time like getting away from the hospital altogether. I'm sure if she had had your treatment in earlier years she would never have had to go into the hospital at all."

WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves" – indecision, suggestibility, feelings of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW. Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

RECIPES FROM WALT THAYER

HOW TO COOK BEAR MEAT

Kill one bear, skin it, and then throw meat into a pot with two goedes (crystallized rock). Cover with water and cook for 48 hours. Then throw away the bear meat and eat the goedes.

ELEPHANT STEW

Ingredients: One elephant, 2 cups salt, 2 cups pepper.
Cut elephant into 1-inch cubes, frequently adding pinches of salt and pepper. This should take about 72 days. Add enough brown gravy to cover all of it. Cook over a kerosene fire at 465 degrees. If more than 3800 people are expected, 2 rabbits may be added, but do this only if necessary as most people don't like to find hare in their stew.

W. Thayer
Box 2175
Wenatchee, Washington 98801

ENJOYS RW MOVIE HALL OF FAME ARTICLES

Dear Editor:
As a reader of your excellent magazine, may I please be allowed to tell you how I like Mario DeMarco's Hall of Fame Series. I regret having missed any past articles, perhaps of Al Accord, Fred Thompson, William S. Hart or even Bob Steele. Yes sir, how many of us, middle age now, silent movie fans can recall those golden Saturday matinees. They were great days.

Sincerely,
J. Barr
62 Turk Street
San Francisco, California 94112

SCOTTY PHILLIPS

Dear Sir:
In reading "Buffalo Skinners" in the May issue of REAL WEST, I find that you place Scotty Phillips in Nebraska. His ranch was at Ft. Pierre, South Dakota. I knew his family and spent time on the ranch during the 1920's. They had about 1000 head at that time. They sold some of these animals to eastern people; among them, Capt. Billy Fawcett of Whiz Bang. They would come out and shoot them in the winter and take the meat and hides. If I am not mistaken, about this time Scotty shipped 2 or 3 carloads of short yearlings to the 101 Ranch. As I remember, Scotty bought his original stock from Buffalo Jones. He then got a 20,000-acre Government grant in the bend of the Missouri River. He fenced it with Warren wire at least 6 feet tall. My father had a homestead just across the river. If half the stories I have heard about him are true, that would make quite a story.
Scotty may have descendants around there yet.

Sincerely,
Tom Wilson
P. O. Box 235
Monroe, Oregon 97456

THE DYING COWBOY

Gentlemen:
Enjoyed your article on the "Red River Valley," August issue. Would like to see "Strawberry Roan."
I am enclosing "The Dying Cowboy" as my father used to sing it probably 100 years ago and also some other verses.
I would also like to see a story on Wm. S. Hart, who could gaze down the deadliest six-shooter of them all.
I am planning to include the song in a book, hoping to preserve it for posterity.

Yours very truly,
T. G. Murray
Tantallon Heights
Oxford Junction 52323

Bill Hart has been the subject of one of Mr. DeMarco's articles about Western Movie cowboys.

The Dying Cowboy
(As my father sang it)

As I was passing by Tom Sharon's barroom
By Tom Sharon's barroom so early one day
Oh, who should I spy but a handsome young cowboy
All wrapped in white linen as if for the grave.

Chorus:
Come beat the drum lowly and play the fife slowly
Play the Death March as they carry me on.
Carry me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me
I'm a young gambler, I know I've done wrong.

I know by your outfit that you are a cowboy,
This young stranger said as I was passing by
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story
I'm shot through the heart and I know I will die.

Oh, once in my saddle I used to go dashing
Oh, once in my saddle I used to be free
But I first took to drinking and then tool to gambling
Got shot through the heart in a shooting affray.

Carry this news to my poor gray-haired mother
Carry this news to my sister so dear
Not a word dare you change, not a word dare you alter
As they gather around my story to hear.

Gather around you a bunch of young cowboys
Tell them the news of their dear comrade's fate
Tell each and all to give up his drinking
And stop his bad gambling before it's too late.

Other early verses

I know by your diamonds that you are a gambler
This young stranger said as I proudly walked by
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story
I'm shot by the heart and I know I will die.

When I left Boston my friends and relations
No one ever knew where the wild one had gone
From Boston to Kansas, from Kansas to Texas
I'm a young gambler I know I've done wrong.

(continued on page 59)

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful, standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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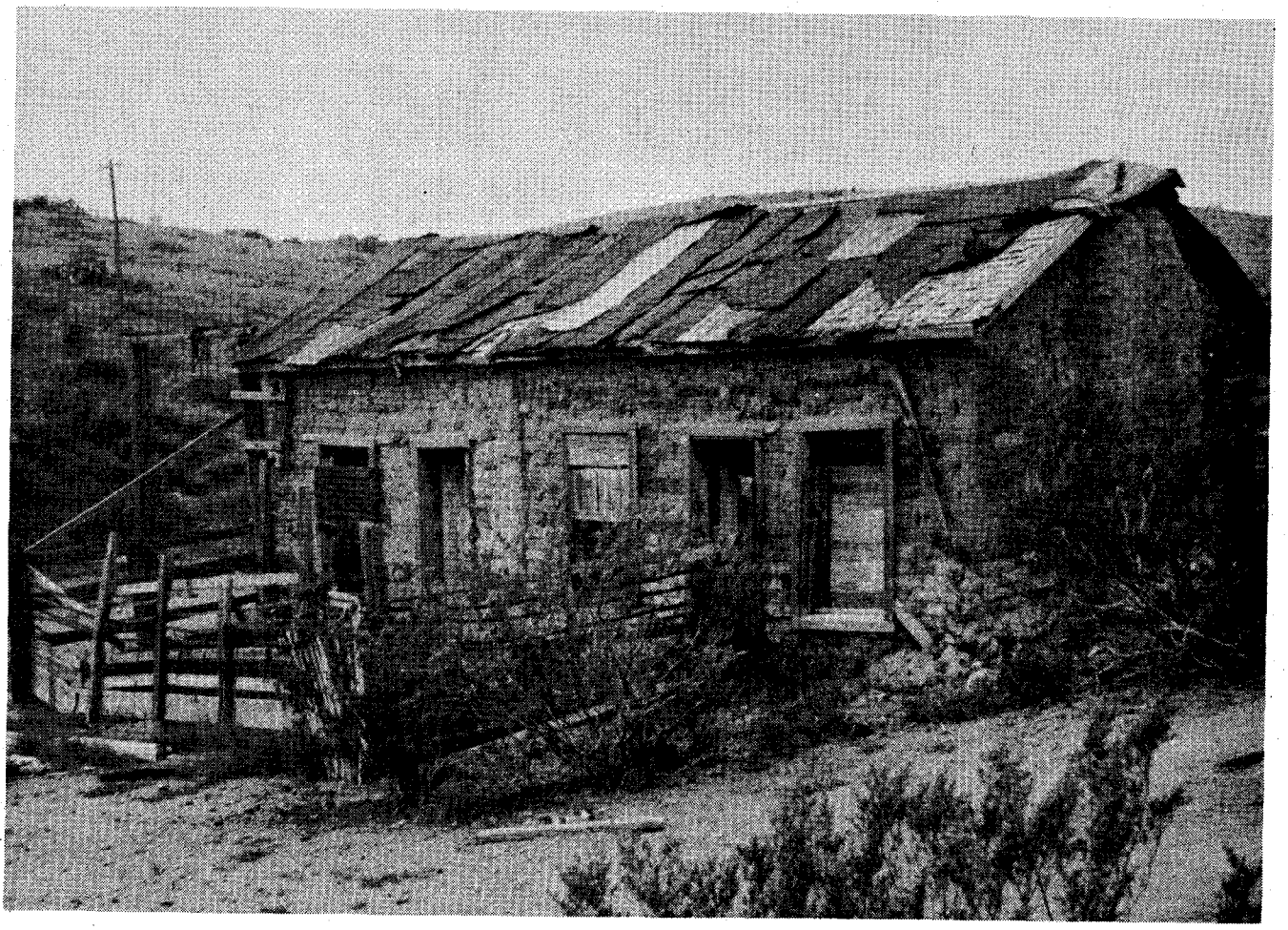

Photo by author

Shakespeare's first building. The room on the left was built about 1856. The noticeable building line of different materials denote the supply store that was added later.

SHAKESPEARE
Was A Roaring Mining Camp

By Xanthus Carson

A detailed account of one of the wildest mining towns in the Southwest. Vigilantes hung gunfighters and lesser lawbreakers here. Billy the Kid worked as a dishwasher in Shakespeare, Johnny Ringo's guns roared in these streets, and trainrobber Blackjack Ketchum hid in an abandoned mine.

It was bright and early on the morning of January 1, 1881. The National Mail and Transportation Company stagecoach had been rolling all night long. No time had been taken out while rumbling along over the rugged New Mexico Territory trails to ring out the old year and ring in the new. Nor to have meals.

The crisp winter air of the Pyramid Mountains had whetted up a sharp appetite for all the passengers. And as the coach rattled down Avon Avenue, the main street of the rip-roaring mine camp of Shakespeare, they knew that soon their hunger would be satisfied.

Stagecoaches always stopped at the Grant House to change crews, horses, and feed the passengers. The dining hall was known all over the West for its good food.

But when the load of tired, aching passengers crawled from the coach and straggled into the Grant House front door, everything except appetizing matters greeted them. And they no longer felt the pangs of hunger and exhaustion. Their eyes flew wide open in awe.

From the Grant House rafter beam hung the grisly bodies of two nefarious individuals, frontier outlaws who had, the night before, fallen victim to the hostile rampage of a vigilante party. That night, supper had been postponed as the vigilantes hanged the two from the stout beam. And there the unfortunates remained all night long

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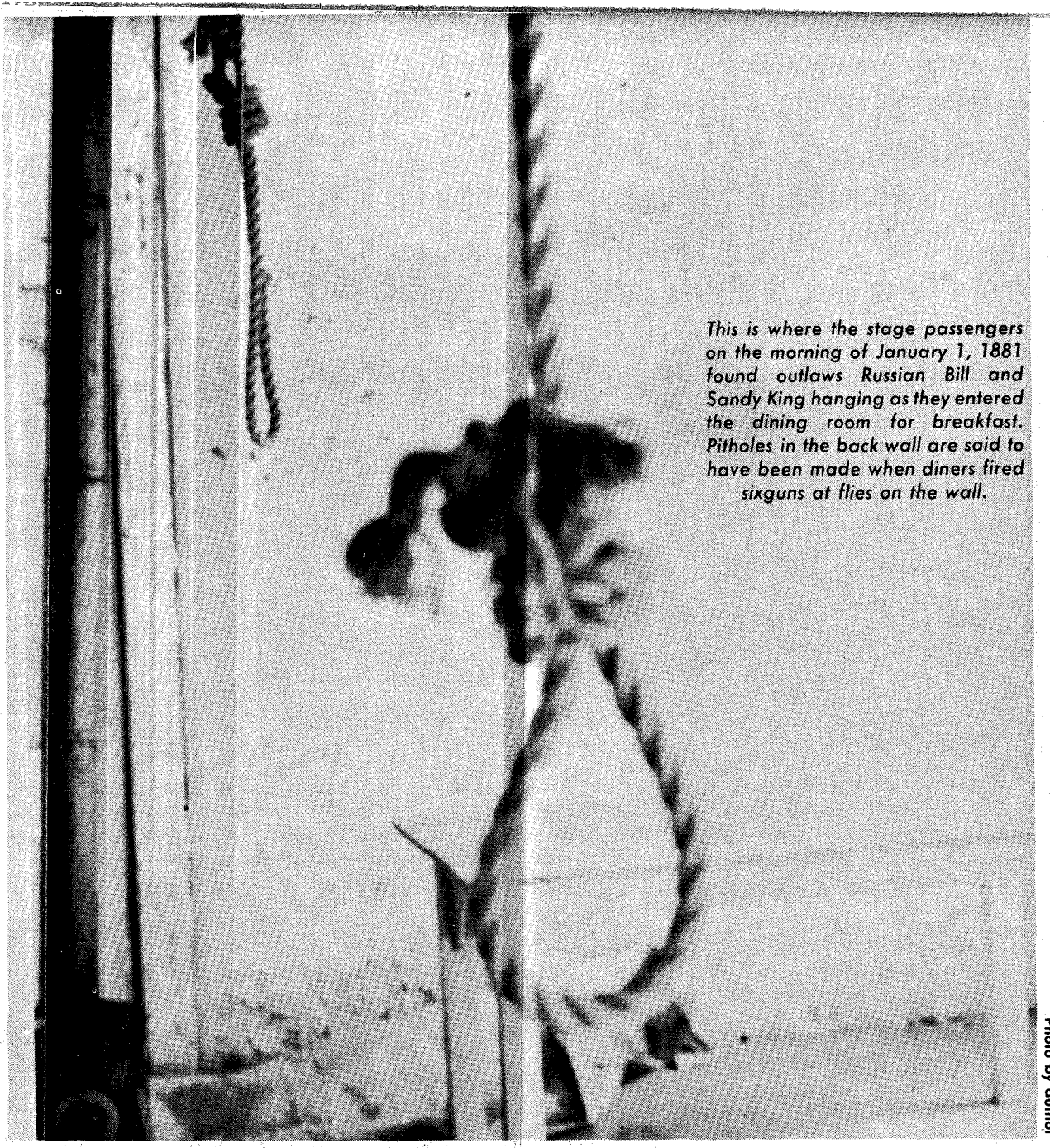

This is where the stage passengers on the morning of January 1, 1881 found outlaws Russian Bill and Sandy King hanging as they entered the dining room for breakfast. Pitholes in the back wall are said to have been made when diners fired sixguns at flies on the wall.

Photo by author

while the townspeople surged up and down the street.

Identifying the men posed no problem. One was Russian Bill, who was actually Count Feador Telfrin, an officer of nobility in the Russian Imperial Guards who had worked his passage across the ocean to seek his fortune in the American West. The other ghastly figure was Sandy King, who seemed possessed with an incentive to hobnob with outlaws.

Both men, only a few weeks before, had figured as leaders in the bold Monterrey, Mexico Mint hijacking, as the story is told. After caching the million-dollar loot at *el Muerte* (Death Hole) in the rugged Texas mountains west of Fort Davis, the men came to Shakespeare, "just to let things cool off!"

Vigilantes claimed that Russian Bill had stolen a horse, a capital offense on the frontier. They strung up Sandy King "just for good riddance!" The day before, he had shot the index finger from a querulous clerk's hand in the general merchandise store while buying a gaudy silk neckerchief.

The self-styled law-and-order gang had a motive for hanging the individuals. They wanted the news spread over the frontier that they fully intended to make Shakespeare "a civilized place to live in."

Shakespeare had never known an honest-to-goodness lawman. Only fighters were hired to keep the peace. The town was an oddity. There were no banks or clubs. Nor churches. One padre stopped in town long enough to utter a few pious words. Whores were not allowed to remain in town overnight. The fancy girls who worked in the saloons rode buckboards to Lordsburg after the bars closed to fulfill their previously arranged rendezvous.

The amazed passengers, after they saw the horrible mess suspended from the Grant House dining-hall ceiling, stumbled back into the dirt street. The bodies were then cut down, and breakfast was served to the hungry souls as usual before they resumed the journey, to tell later what they'd encountered in the New Mexico Territory's most famous mine camp, just as the vigilantes knew they'd do.

The bodies of Russian Bill and Sandy King were tossed into a nearby stagecoach-company corral shed to await a convenient burial in boothill, located some distance from town because the site afforded "soft digging."

Shakespeare was not an infant town when the Grant House hanging occurred. It had come into an existence in 1856 as a stagecoach and wagon-train overland stop and campsite.

This was not because of a discovery, either. Prehistoric races had used the site since time immemorial because of the lasting water hole.

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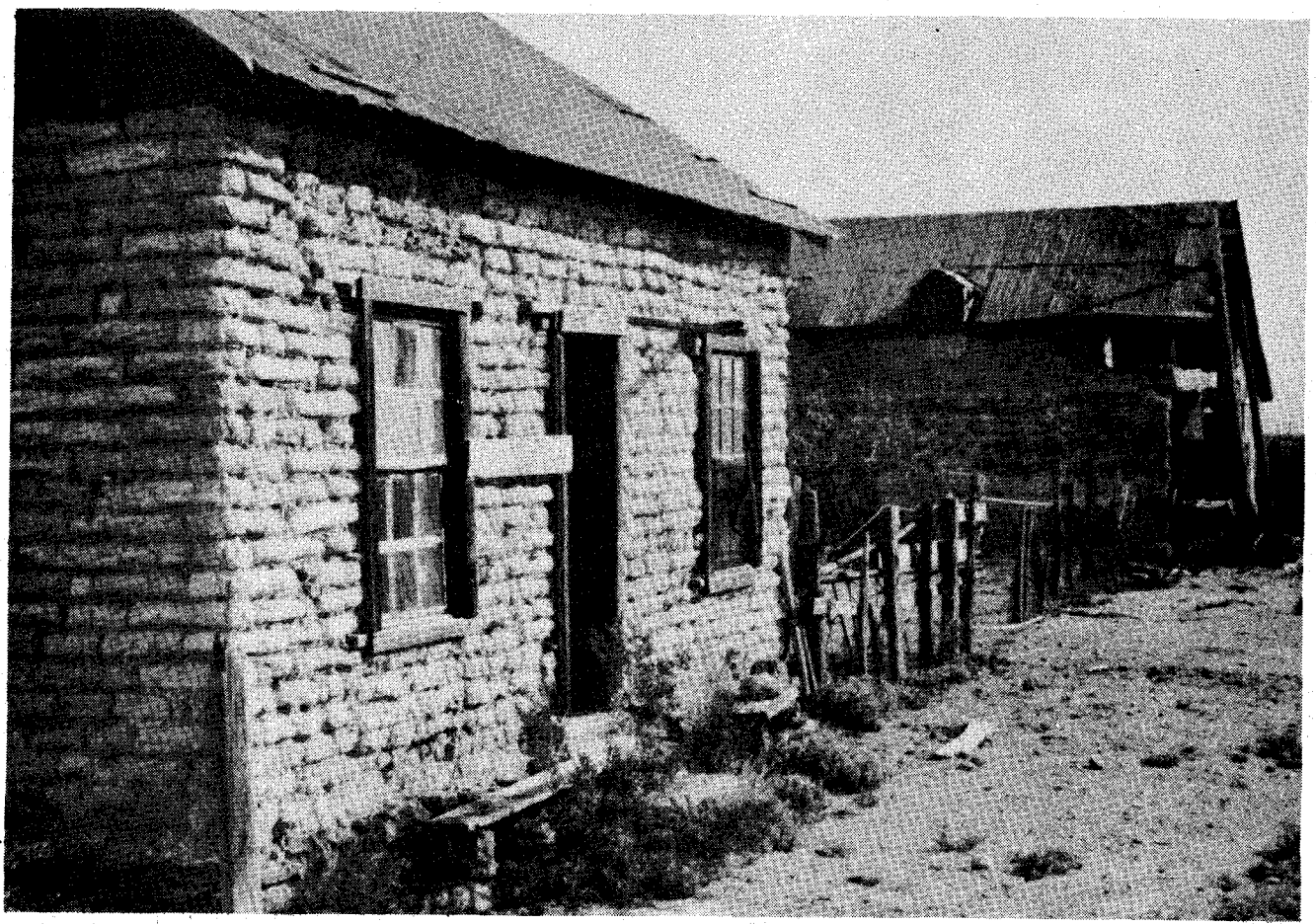

Photo by author

The crumbling Grant House dining room in the foreground and the famous Stratford Hotel where Beanbelly shot Ross Woods over a row that arose in the dining room over eggs for breakfast.

The spot soon became known over the frontier trails as Mexican Springs, which boasted a single adobe house convenient to the spring. The little mud shack housed the first residents. Heretofore, all other regional trespassers had been of a nomadic type. Evidence of this exists today. Buffs quite often unearth matates and manos and stone points used by ancient people who camped at the water hole.

Contrary to what some might think, the town has not always been Shakespeare; it had other names first. The town was named for the Stratford-on-Avon bard, William Shakespeare, the same as one of the big mining companies.

In sequence the unprecedented New Mexico Territory boom town was known as Mexican Springs, Grant, Ralston, and then Shakespeare, with perhaps some ephemeral others. Every time the town boomed, it acquired a new name, generally in honor of the person responsible for the boom.

Rita Hill, the long-time ranch woman who knows more history of Shakespeare than anyone living, said, "Shakespeare's first citizens were soldiers, stage-company employees, desperados, merchants, saloon keepers, miners, and camp followers."

Rita Hill and her late husband, Frank who started ranching the Shakespeare area during the Great Depression, have been responsible for Shakespeare's ghost-town preservation and accurate history, one of the most authentically kept ghost towns in the West.

Shakespeare had notables, too. George Hunt, several times governor of Arizona, waited on tables in the Stratford Hotel.

Also, Billy the Kid, while lifting the curtain on his 21-year nefarious career, washed dishes in the Stratford Hotel kitchen when he first left his mother in Silver City, another silver mine camp north of Shakespeare.

In the beginning, Mexican Springs was a pony express station, because it was the only natural water hole on the 360-mile arid trail from El Paso to Tucson, one of the most treacherous segments of the San Antonio-San Diego express run. Cooke's Wagon Train had come to Mexican Springs in 1846 from Mesilla, about 100 miles to the east, for water. The Cooke detail set barrels in the water hole to expedite water recovery.

This arrangement for precious water in such a void stretch caused many California-bound wagon trains during the gold rush to camp at the site while both man and beast rested.

Death was constant on this early trail, too. Two valiant express riders, who met heroic deaths during bloody Indian attacks on Mexican Springs, started the Shakespeare cemetery. Settlers at Mexican Springs caught the impact of the Apache wrath in the early days. This continued until near the turn of the century.

Two years after the lone adobe house went up by the water hole, the Butterfield stage rolled through the settlement, along with the National Mail and Transportation Company. There were also several lesser-known stagecoach operators. Then Mexican Springs realized a noticeable growth. Additional buildings went up, and government surveyors, who had mapped the Mexico-Arizona boundary, arrived in Mexican Springs to settle and prospect

Mexican Springs then commenced to grow in leaps and bounds. With the cessation of the Civil War, a surge of people from the gory battlefields arrived to join the soldiers who had remained after the Appomattox af-

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fair. Mexican Springs acquired a goodly number of these roaming individuals, both good and bad.

Those who had a knowledge of minerals decided that precious metals existed in the mountains around Mexican Springs, which had become known as Grant in 1867 (named for the Civil War leader). The name was given by the influx of war veterans.

It remained for W.D. Brown to discover the first lode in the Pyramid Mountains. One day he went into the brush and scraggly timber areas not far from town and prospected. There he made the startling discovery of silver. Suspecting that he had struck it rich, he gathered samples and headed for San Francisco to obtain an assay. The resulting report said "twelve thousand ounces to the ton" — a rich strike, indeed!

Brown didn't hurry back to Grant. Instead he remained in San Francisco to obtain an assay. The resulting report said "twelve thousand ounces to the ton" — a rich strike, indeed!

Brown didn't hurry back to Grant. Instead he remained in San Francisco a few days and advertised for a financier, because he realized the strike was too big for him to handle alone.

For several days the ad brought no results. Then William Ralston, a Nevada silver-mine tycoon, came forward with interest. The two were not long in making a trade after an assay-report examination. A party was organized and struck out for the Pyramid Mounatins. Then the mining boom commenced in earnest.

Then names changed again. The town that had been Mexican Springs in the beginning became Ralston! This was the first mine-boom camp in the Southwest New Mexico Territory. Several others were soon to follow, once prospectors knew for sure that the vast region actually held precious minerals.

One old prospector, after looking at some of Brown's ore, said, "Why, hell, if that's valuable, I know where there is a helluva lot more!"

He left Ralston in a hurry. Then Silver City, a few miles to the northeast, came into being.

Ralston boomed and became the Virginia Mining District, four miles wide and nine miles long. Prediction ran high that the Brown strike would even surpass Virginia City. Mesquite brush was cleared away and the town spread out. Tents lined three parallel streets and became almost overnight "as thick as the hair on a dog's back." Both adobe and rock structures sprang up in the heart of town. Seven saloons were soon doing a landoffice business. Water wells were dug to ease the heavy load that had been thrust upon the old natural well. Livery stables and corrals were thrown up all over town.

Rita Hill, historian of Shakespeare, as the town ultimately became mapped, said, "The town boomed. Stagecoaches were arriving from the west, north, east, and Mexico, bringing passengers who hurriedly took their baggage and went to find lodging, or who dashed into the stage station to eat before going on.

"Great freight wagons brought necessities and a few luxuries to the stores. They brought many barrels of liquor to the saloons. Wagons and pack trains from the few outlying ranches and mines or settlements across the border were arriving to buy supplies, groups on horseback jogged up and down the street.

"Ralston was a busy place by day with the many men, vehicles and horses coming and going, and it was a noisy place, too, with the shouting of teamsters and the noise of hoofs and wheels. It was often a busier place by night, with every saloon lighted with lamps and candles. There were no lights on the streets, and robbery or murder were rather common oc-

Photo by author's wife

Mrs. Anita Hill, Shakespeare ghost-town owner, and the author enter the Grant House dining room to view the outlaw hanging spot.

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currences.

"Men walked through the dark streets in groups for safety, even the Texas boys. But that did not keep the saloons from doing an excellent business in both drinking and gambling. There was fighting, trouble and mysterious disappearances. Travelers, coming and going, were often attacked by Indians. But these were stories to be told, not printed, since there was no newspaper."

Again we wish to remind the reader that Shakespeare did not have schools, banks, clubs, or lawmen by popular election. There was no sewer for this rampage of closely compacted people.

Those who accumulated great cash volumes hid them at convenient points, under buildings, in baking-powder cans, just any place to make it safe from hijackers.

Another thing to remember is that those who mysteriously vanished from the face of the earth often left behind rich caches that have never been found. Many of these entice the present-day treasure hunter. One cache is said to exceed $30,000!

Shakespeare is probably the only remaining unexplored ghost town in the Southwest likely never subjected to a metal detector!

And that is the general history of Ralston until 1870. Then a great diamond scare brought about the frontier mine camp heyday.

It all started when the silver ore bodies didn't prove to be as rich as had been anticipated. Silver deposits lay in pockets. Soon Ralston's production slackened as the lodes commenced to peter out. Some shafts were boarded with secrecy in order to prevent the Ralston population from a "suitcase parade." Ralston and his cohorts continued with high-pressure sales of mine-field properties and stocks.

Then from the clear blue sky, as it seemed, another boom flared up. *Diamonds were found in the ant hills of Lee's Peak near Ralston!*

The news of this discovery broke when two prospector-attired individuals stalked up to a teller's cage in Ralston's San Francisco bank. The men were Phillip Arnold and W.D. Brown, who had figured prominently in the silver-lode discovery and its development. They were Ralston's mine-camp ramrods.

Nonchalantly, the beleaguered-appearing men passed a filled poke through the window, saying they'd like to deposit the bag for safekeeping. (There could have been no more apt way to arouse excitement!)

As soon as the pair departed, the curious teller eagerly untied the pouch for a look at the contents, expecting to find gold dust and small nuggets.

But he didn't. The sack, instead, was filled with precious gems — glistening diamonds!

The flabbergasted teller grasped the sack and rushed into Ralston's office, where he spilled the contents on the millionaire's desk. The banker acted amazed!

Without loss of time, he sent samples of the beautiful stones to Tiffany's in New York for an evaluation. The samples alone turned out to be worth $150,000! *The pouch, it was promptly figured, contained diamonds worth a cool million and half bucks!*

This proved to be enough for Ralston. He got busy. "Texas boys" were imported by the dozens, with paid guns to protect and keep prospectors from Lee's Peak, where it was learned the precious stones had been picked up by Brown and Arnold.

Photo by author

The Shakespeare mining-camp assay office today is a crumbling ruin.

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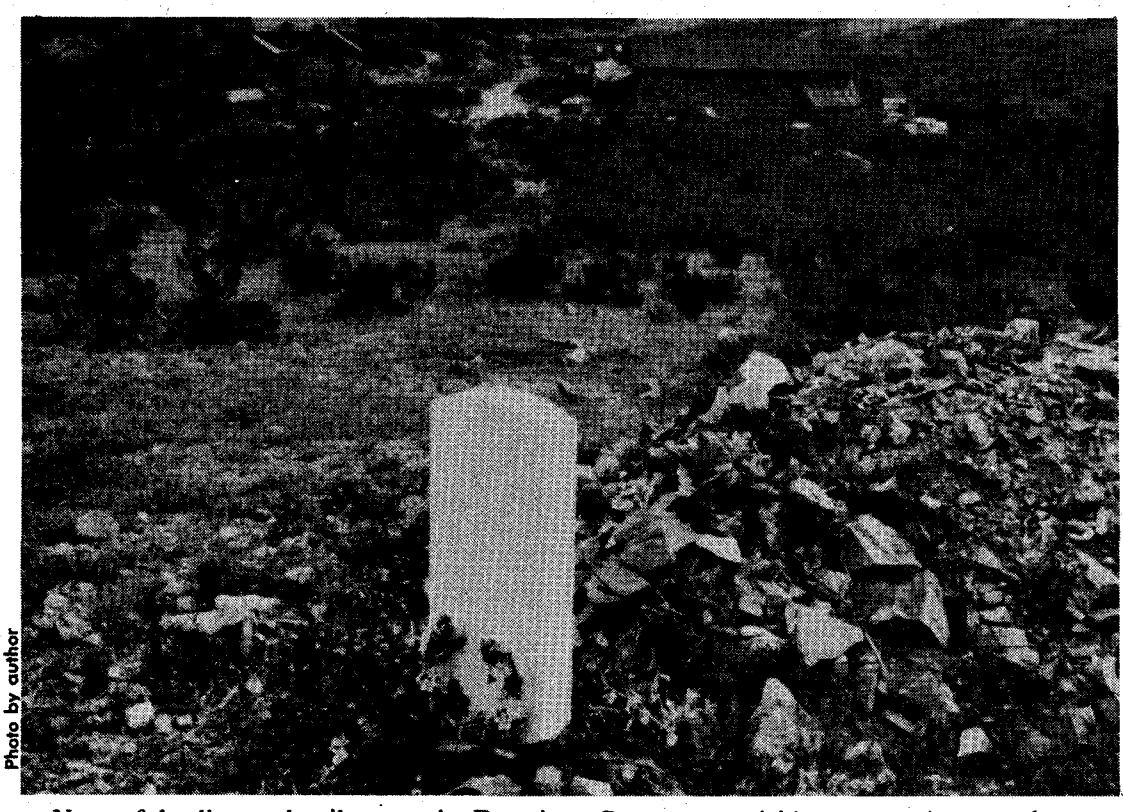

Photo by author

Frank Hill, owner and historian of Shakespeare, is interred on the mountain slope overlooking Shakespeare.

News of the diamond strike spread all over the world. Giltedge stock in the diamond field brought outlandish prices, with European investors planking down outrageous fortunes.

The population of Ralston immediately soared to 3,000 feverish souls almost overnight, becoming New Mexico's largest town. Diamond interests in fabulous amounts changed hands as fast as a pen could be used to write out the stocks.

Geologists came to Ralston to study the situation. This influx of professional individuals slammed the door shut on the diamond business.

A German named Clarence King one day stood examining specimens that were used as an exhibit to entice stock sales. After a sagacious scrutiny King remarked, as he looked straight into Ralston's feverish eyes, "This is the greatest field ever, for it not only produces diamonds for us to find, but it cuts them yet!"

King's statement froze every man of the crowd, for no one heretofore had troubled to examine the stones for signs of a lapidary's tool.

Instantaneously, the ghastly truth of the diamond strike dawned. *The whole thing was a hoax!* And, as it was later learned, the gems used for salting Lee's Peak had come from Amsterdam! How — no one bothered to explain!

News spread like a prairie fire. Ralston grabbed his baggage and caught the next stage out of town. He was later found drowned in San Francisco Bay — a suicide, most people believed. Brown vanished from the New Mexico Territory and was never found.

Phillip Arnold, believed to have swindled Ralston of all his money, was located several months later in Kentucky by enraged stockholders, living on a fabulous piece of southern-designed real estate, a lordly kingdom.

Before violence could erupt when the murder-minded investors encountered Arnold on these premises, rifles from property-perimeter dugouts leveled on the mob. The men were forced to meekly turn heel and leave, without so much as touching Arnold, or defacing his property as planned! Retaliation for the diamond hoax would have to be forgotten.

Thus the curtain fell on the town of Ralston, formerly Grant after Mexican Springs. The boomers left like migratory fowls, and the once riproaring camp became as dead as a doornail!

After the diamond-rush fiasco it remained for a certain Col. John Boyle, a St. Louis gentleman and William Shakespeare scholar who had spent a lot of time in the western mine fields, to put the frontier mine camp once again on a boom.

Colonel Boyle arrived in the practically deserted camp and plunged into an extensive purchase of silver and gold claims. He rejuvenated the town's entire structure, naming several streets with reference to Shakespearean names, like Avon Avenue, the camp's main street.

Ultimately, the name of Shakespeare was given the town to replace Ralston. This was not done, however, until the Shakespeare Mining Company was formed, and then the town was named for the mine, which is the assumption of some historians. The mine had been named "Shakespeare" to appease several English investors.

The Stratford Hotel, reconstructed from the old army fort, became a luxurious establishment. Boyle elaborately furnished the hostelry, giving it a complete face-lifting, inside and out. Brussel carpets covered all floors, and decorative lamps of the expensive type adorned the ceilings. The hotel became the swankiest outside of San Francisco. A fine rosewood piano was hauled in from St. Louis by mule train to provide entertainment.

One of the best saloons in the west was erected, named the Roxy Jay Bar. The historic, mahogany polished bar that went into the building was also freighted from St. Louis on a 28-up wagon. It extended from one end of the building to the other.

Inside this saloon many notorious sixgun fights transpired, for this was the era of the outlaws in Shakespeare. But luckily none of the flying lead shattered the glamorous mirror which hung behind the polished mahogany.

The nefarious Vigilante Committee claimed the Roxy Jay as head-

(continued on page 50)

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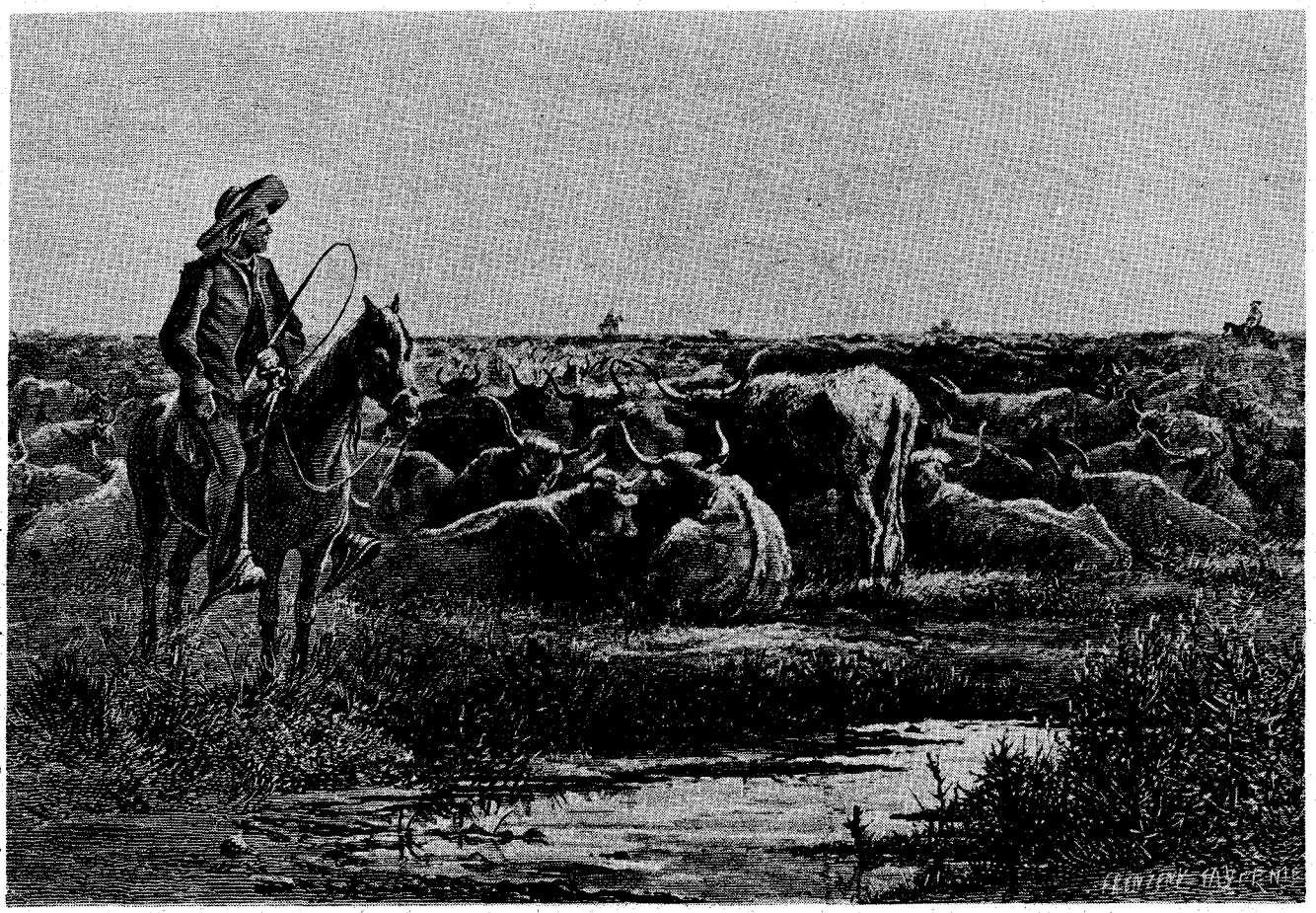

Library of Congress. From Harper's Weekly, Mar. 28, 1874

STORY OF THE COWBOY

By Raymond Schuessler

"We knew toil and hardship and hunger and thirst, and we saw men die violent deaths as they worked among the horses and cattle, or fought in evil feuds with one another; but we felt the beat of hardy life in our veins, and ours was the glory of work and the joy of living."

-"Teddy" Roosevelt

The true story of the American cowboy has probably never been revealed in any one story, movie or book, and perhaps it never will be. To some he was a fearless giant of the plains, rescuing all good people from the clutches of outlaw and Indian; to others he was a crude, unwashed bum with low-slung gun and just as low a boiling point, who loafed on sleepy cow ranches because it was the least responsible job available.

The truth can be found in the diaries of real cowboys who worked and fought and died to bring the best food in the world to a rapidly expanding America.

The cowboy began with the growth of the cattle business which required a new kind of workman. After the Civil War the West was overrun with cattle as wild as mustangs. In Texas alone there were about four million. To anyone who could round up the cattle and drive them to the population centers which were crying for beef, a fortune awaited.

With the buffalo rapidly being wiped out, there was a steady demand for beef. And when half a million miners rushed to California and later to Colorado and Virginia City for gold and the soldiers and homesteaders came West, the demand was even greater.

In Texas, men back from the war organized "cow hunts," and after they rounded up a good-size herd, they would "divy up" and brand them.

It's a bit startling for dudes to realize that cattle, abandoned by the Spanish, became wild as deer. When they came out of the brush at dawn to graze, the cowboys would ride them down, lasso and tie them. They were untied only after the regular herd was brought by which eventually absorbed them. If he stayed stubborn, his eyes were sewn shut for a spell.

The first cattle drive was recorded about 1837 when herds were driven to Texas cities from the open badlands. But the real cattle drives started after the Civil War.

A cowboy had to dress for the job. He wore tough jeans and bullhide chaps to protect his legs from thorny brush. He wore boots with heels high enough to prevent the foot from going through the stirrups. "They walk as though they expect every moment to sit down," wrote Frederic Remington, the famous western painter. Often their front teeth were missing, courtesy of a kicking calf during branding time.

He was not as flamboyant as our movies have pictured him — he seldom turned up his hat brim at a

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rakish angle because he needed all the shade he could get on the burning plains. He was unwashed and knew no change of clothing on the trail. His gun, if he wore one, sometimes swiveled around clumsily on his belt until it drooped between his legs. Some made an art and fetish of gunhandling, but most were just fair gunslingers who depended on the courage and inspiration of the moment to win their gunfights.

Most of all he worked — 14 hours a day, seven days a week in a lonely and monotonous job for ten to twenty dollars a month plus board, and he was too tired and too erotic to be romantic.

Cowboys were vagabonds who preferred danger to domesticity. They were men without women on long enforced marches, who raised hell in the few towns they hit but always returned to the company of reckless, outdoor men they preferred.

A cowboy chose his life to be unfettered and upolished. He was extremely loyal to his fellow cowpunchers, all of whom demanded only courage and relative honesty as a prerequisite to membership in this strange fraternity of the plains.

As Teddy Roosevelt, who probably knew the soul of a cowboy better than anyone, said, "They are as hardy and self-reliant as any man who ever breathed — with bronzed, set faces, and keen eyes that look all the world straight in the face without flinching ... peril and hardship and years of long toil broken by weeks of brutal dissipation draw haggard lines across their faces ... perfectly frank and simple ... they are much better fellows and pleasanter companions than

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small farmers ... nor are the mechanics and workmen of a great city to be mentioned in the same breath ... He possesses to a very high degree the stern, manly qualities that are necessary to a nation."

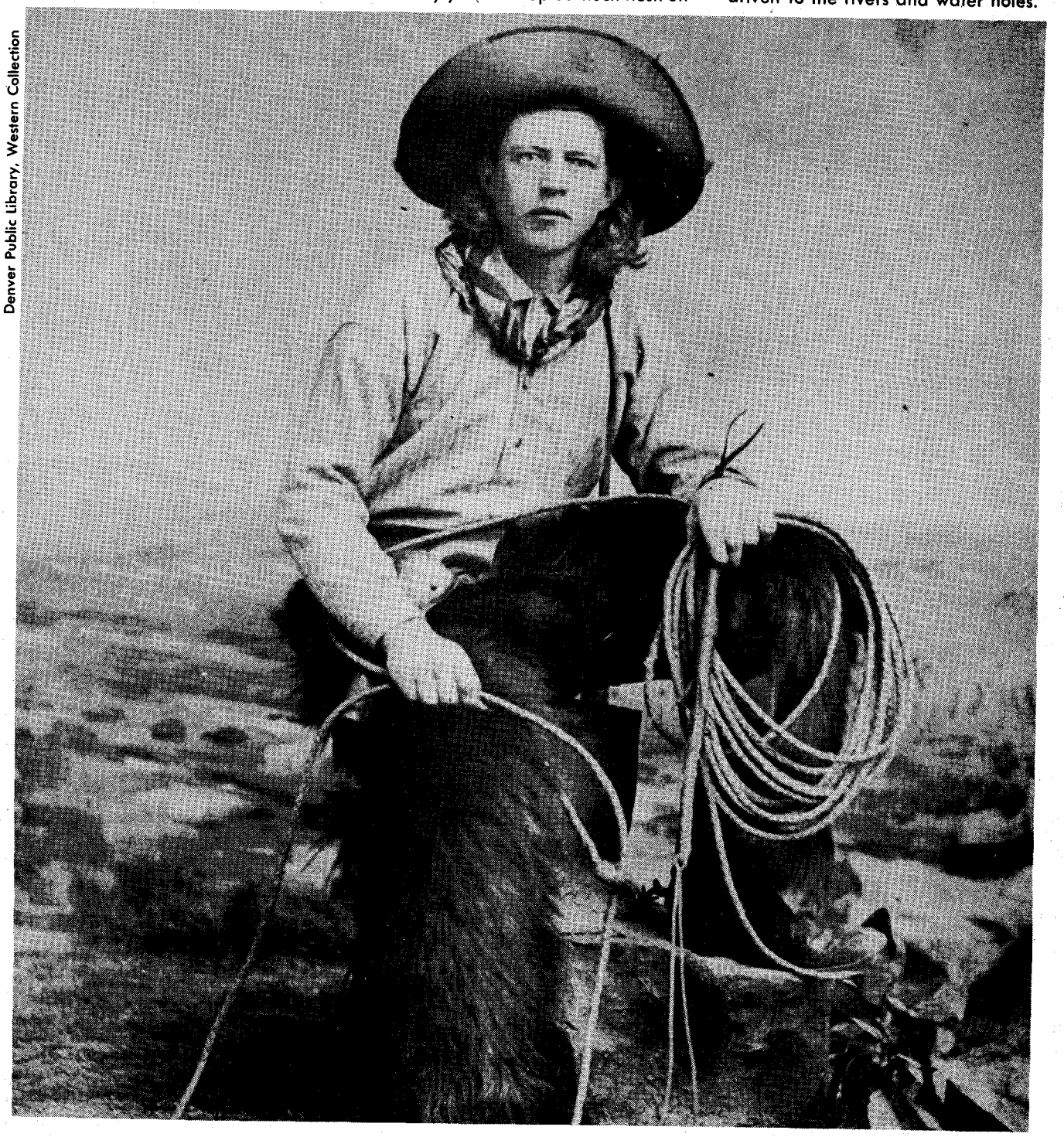
The greatest danger was a stampede; a lightning bolt, a cook's pot, or a shot could send the high-strung herd, which somehow sensed the meat cleaver anyway, into a runaway that would shake the earth and grind men into mere bloody stains on the grass. During the three night watches, men crooned softly not for amusement but to quiet the herd. A cowboy had a devoted loyalty to a herd, and he would die protecting it, if necessary.

A greater danger than the terrifying stampede was the prairie fire. Old-time cowboys tell of quenching such a fire by splitting steers and dragging their wet bodies across the advancing line of fire.

Eight cowboys could move a herd of 3,000 steers with 60 horses, a trail boss and a cook. They could make 15 miles a day sometimes in a long snake line, but seven or eight was nearer the average; you had to move the herd steadily yet still keep as much flesh on them as possible.

They had a man up front on lookout for water, grazing land, Indians and outlaws. A drag rider at the rear kept an eye out for strays and Indian snipers who loved to put an arrow in a steer and pick the meat up when it dropped.

The end came when the industry was mechanized. It began inconspicuously with the barb-wire fence. When cattle were fenced in, fewer cowboys were needed. Then water tanks were brought to the ranch house and cattle no longer had to be driven to the rivers and water holes.



Denver Public Library, Western Collection

An unnamed-cowboy photograph by C.D. Kirkland.

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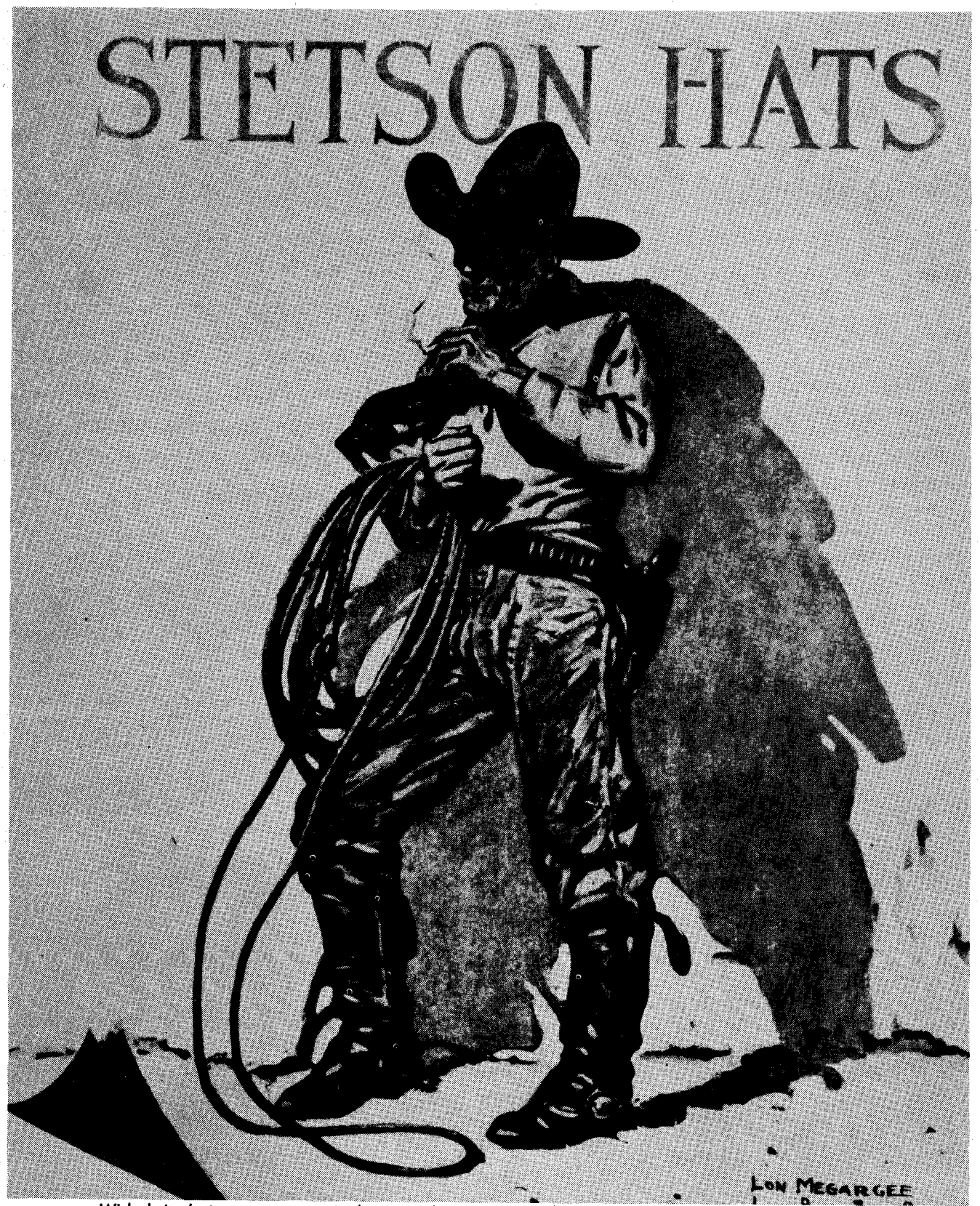

Wide-brim hats were a necessity because the cowboy needed all the shade he could get on the burning plains.

And when the railroad built feeder lines to all sections of the Southwest, the cowboy "wet on the fire and called the dogs."

The real cowboy is gone although many facsimiles exist out West where men still move and brand cattle, but he is a different species than the gun-slinging and Indian-fighting cowboy of yesteryear. We owe a debt to him; as Roosevelt said: "He is the grim pioneer of our race, he prepares the way for civilization from before whose face he must himself disappear."

It is sometimes sad to reflect that he had to give way. As Remington, who has great insight into the plain-living cowboy, said: "Modern civilization in the process of educating men beyond their capacity often succeeds in vulgarizing them: but these natural men possess minds which, though lacking all embellishment, are chaste and simple, and utterly devoid of a certain flippancy which passes for smartness in situations when life is not so real." ●**RW**

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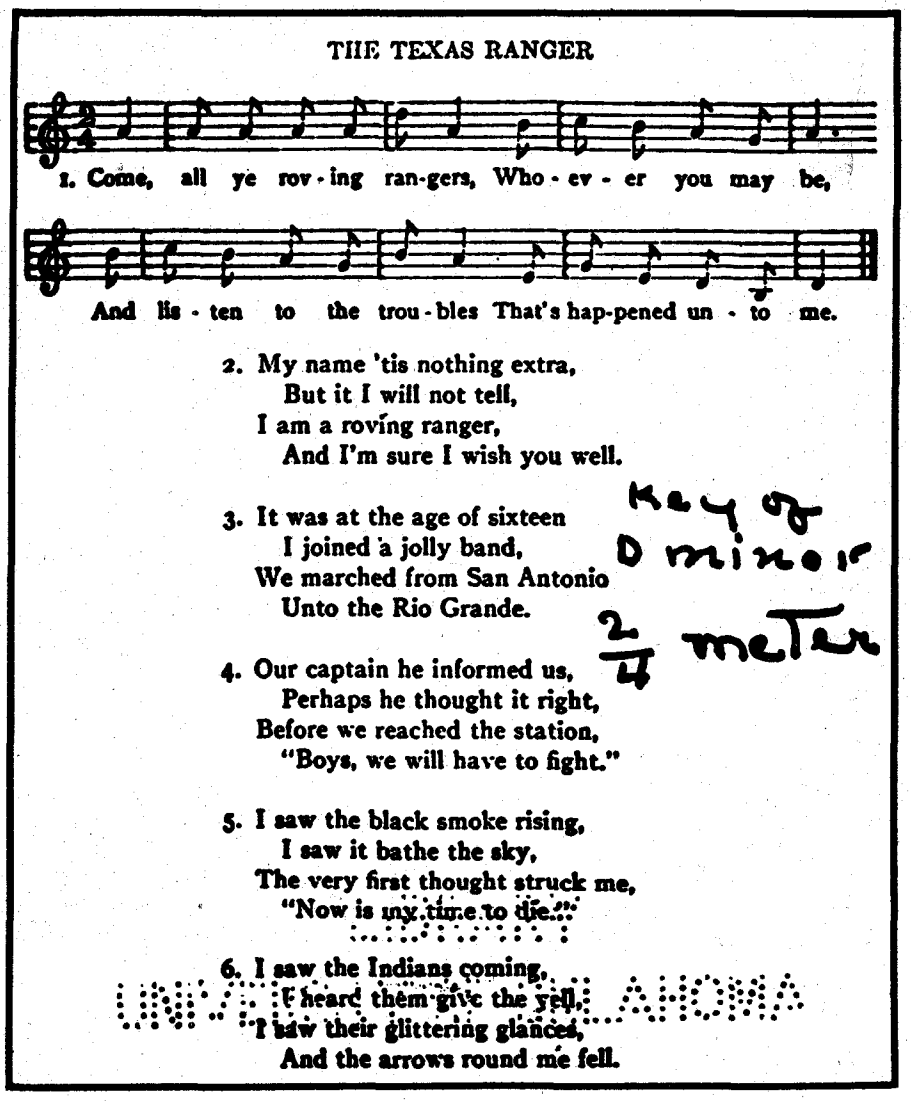
THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG

SONGS OF THE TEXAS RANGERS

By Marion Thede and Harold Preece

In 1823, Stephen F. Austin formed the first company of Texas Rangers, hiring ten men to patrol the American settlement in what was then part of a province of Mexico. They sang many songs about life in the Texas Rangers and this article reprints some of the lyrics and determines their origin.


THE TEXAS RANGER
1. Come, all ye rov - ing ran-gers, Who - ev - er you may be,
And lis - ten to the trou - bles That's hap-pened un - to me.
2. My name 'tis nothing extra,
But it I will not tell,
I am a roving ranger,
And I'm sure I wish you well.
3. It was at the age of sixteen
I joined a jolly band,
We marched from San Antonio
Unto the Rio Grande.
4. Our captain he informed us,
Perhaps he thought it right,
Before we reached the station,
"Boys, we will have to fight."
5. I saw the black smoke rising,
I saw it bathe the sky,
The very first thought struck me,
"Now is my time to die."
6. I saw the Indians coming,
I heard them give the yell,
I saw their glittering glances,
And the arrows round me fell.
Key of D minor
2/4 meter

"The Texas Rangers," sometimes called the "Texan Ranger," most famous of all the Ranger songs.

"Come all ye hardy Rangers
Wherever ye may ride.
I'll tell you about those bad men
We whipped on the Rio Grande divide."

The Texas Rangers ballad. Fragment of uncertain date attributed to Ranger Jim King.

"He the Texas Ranger is an excellent rider and dead shot. His arms are a rifle, a Colt's revolving pistol and a knife."
Luther Giddings, military historian, 1846.

They have spanned every epoch of Texas and influenced the whole of Western history. Those efficient, fearless lawmen called by their late aficionado, writer C.L. Douglas, "The Gentlemen in White Hats." Their official name: The Texas Rangers. It is a term known and respected throughout America.

"Without the Rangers, Texas would have been washed down Dry Creek." So El Paso's Harry Crow, grandnephew of a man who died at the Alamo, commented several years ago to one of these co-authors. For the first Ranger operations actually preceded by almost a generation that massacre of Texas defenders in an old San Antonio church.

Ranger legend sprouts like the prairie grass in Texas. In county after county and community after community of this tradition-proud state, you hear the old tales of these valiant, self-sacrificing men. Texans are as proud of them as the Irish are of their ancient warriors called the Fianna, or Canadians of their Royal Northwest Mounted

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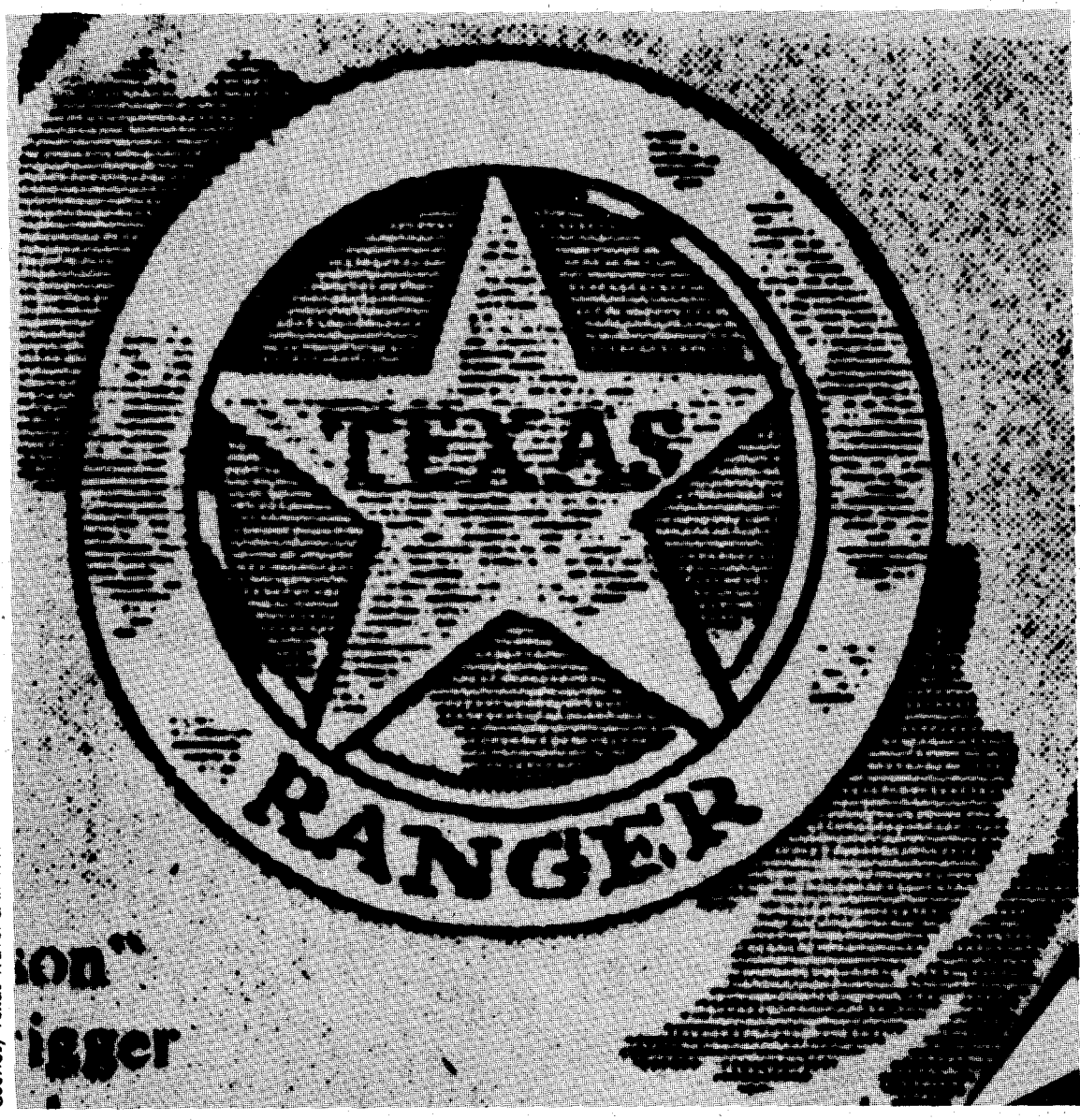

Courtesy Texas Travel & Information Division

The Texas Ranger badge has always been cherished by good citizens, feared by bad ones. This was an early-day badge, carved from a Mexican gold or silver coin. The type was worn before the Rangers became an elite force of the overall state police.

In 1823 Texas founder, Stephen F. Austin, hired ten men at his own expense to patrol the first American settlements in what was then a Mexican province. Austin called this little force of courageous immigrants "Rangers". The word was not a new one to the ears of Anglos. It had been used often back in the States to describe militiamen or posses roaming or "ranging" over wide areas. But that original handful and their successors would keep giving a familiar term new meanings.

Today the Rangers, once a separate police force, constitute an elite corps of Texas' overall law enforcement authority: The State Department of Public Safety. During 1973 this historic segment commemorated its 150th anniversary at its main operations base, Fort Fisher near Waco. A widely attended celebration underscored the many self-sacrificing struggles for law and order waged by Rangers in all generations, from the time that the Lone Star State was a raw, frontier empire till the present era when it is a member of the American Union.

Tongues buzzed with the echoed names and deeds making up that ever living history of the Texas Rangers: of herculean Big Foot Wallace who, by legend, could carry two captive outlaws at one time under one huge arm; of John Armstrong who tracked down John Wesley Hardin, killer of more than thirty men, from Texas to Alabama, bringing that surprised gunslinger back in "bracelets"; of Captain Jack Hays, commander of the force when its forty recruits were the only standing army of the bankrupt, invasion-beset Texas Republic; and of many other heroic ones like them.

police. Add to the spur and the lariat that other emblem of the Lone Star State — the Ranger badge.

Naturally the Texas Rangers have inspired a large body of literature, including vivid first-person recollections of men who ran down desperadoes and "cleaned up" brutal frontier towns. The most definitive of these impressive works is Walter Prescott Webb's *The Texas Rangers: A Century of Frontier Defense* published in 1936. A Dallas writer, Robert W. Stephens, has taken up where the late Dr. Webb left off, carrying special value for being largely based upon interviews with living descendants of men who rode the hazardous Ranger trails.

But, sad to say, Ranger balladry is scant. We do know that the early-day men of the force liked music as much as other Texans. In his book, *A Texas Ranger,* N.A. Jennings, once of McNelly's command, tells of being awakened his first morning in camp by his fellow troopers circling around him and singing an old camp-meeting hymn, "One More River To Cross." History also records Ranger fiddlers including Jim King, previously mentioned, who once helped trap a gang of fence cutters by posing as a wandering country musician.

There were found also to have been a lot of authentic Ranger songs which, like so many cowboy ballads, were never written down. Of the few that these co-authors have discovered, only one mentions a Ranger by name. Just one other can be said definitely to have been composed by a member of the force. No verifiable tunes were found for three.

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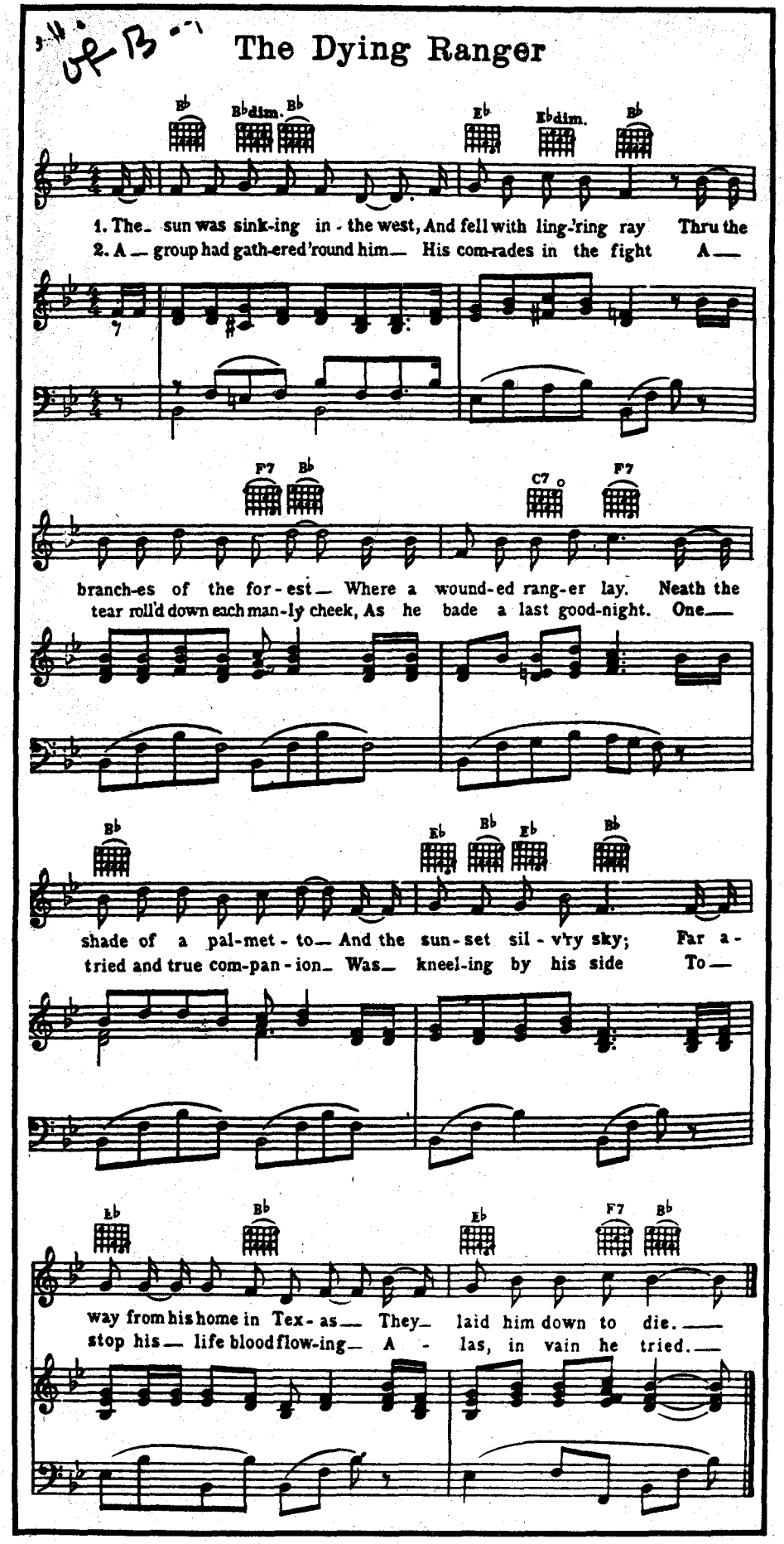
The Dying Ranger
1. The sun was sink-ing in - the west, And fell with ling-'ring ray Thru the
2. A group had gath-ered'round him His com-rades in the fight A
branch-es of the for - est Where a wound-ed rang-er lay. Neath the
tear roll'd down each man-ly cheek, As he bade a last good-night. One
shade of a pal-met - to And the sun - set sil - v'ry sky; Far a -
tried and true com-pan - ion Was kneel-ing by his side To
way from his home in Tex - as They laid him down to die.
stop his life blood flow-ing A - las, in vain he tried.

"The Dying Ranger." This maudlin melody was probably written by some "whiskey tenor" who never saw a Texas Ranger in the flesh. The authors include it for comparison with better Ranger songs described in this article.

Through generations the most popular Ranger — connected ballad has been that one of many versions entitled simply the "Texas Rangers," or sometimes "Texan Ranger."

It turns up in folk-song collections made from Kentucky to Michigan, from Arkansas to Colorado, and by two oddly adapted versions in Scotland. There, says folklorist Kenneth Goldstein, it may have been introduced at the turn of the century by Buffalo Bill's globe-trotting wild west show. In stirring language this song portrays the early Indian warfare in Texas. Whatever the sympathies that many Americans of our century feel for the conquered tribes, that conflict was a fact of history — as much as the buffalo hunts and cattle drives, and as bound to express itself in frontier music.

Most versions begin with the familiar "come all ye", very typical of British and early American. An Ohio version — dating back to 1869 — written in the key of D minor with a 2-4 meter-runs in part:

"Come all ye roving rangers,
Whoever you, may be,
And listen to the troubles
That's happened unto me.

"My name 'tis nothing extra,
But it I will not tell,
I am a roving ranger,
And I'm sure I wish you well.

"It was at the age of sixteen
I joined a jolly band,
We marched from San Antonio
Unto the Rio Grande.

"Our captain he informed us,
Perhaps he thought it right,
Before we reached the station,
'Boys, we will have to fight.' "

In a comparable version heard by one of us from old Federal marshal, Jack Campbell of Ottawa, Kansas, during the nineteen-thirties:

"I saw the black smoke rising,
I saw it black the sky.
The very first thought struck me
"Now is my time to die.

"I saw the Indians charging,
I heard their chilling yell.
I saw their glittering lances
And the arrows around me fell ..."

In a stirring action sequence, the Ohio version describes the bitter clime of the battle on that stream separating Texas from Mexico:

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"We fought for nine long hours
Until the strife was o'er.
The sight of the dead and wounded
I never saw before.

"There was six as good rangers
As ever traveled west
Lay buried with their comrades,
Peace be their rest."

We cannot place from history the exact spot on the Rio Grande where this furious battle took place. Nor do we know the name of the "captain" or have any official listing of his company. The fight may have been a symbolized one based upon all Ranger-Indian collisions. Some Texas local singer may have tacked on more stanzas.

But every known version describes a rookie Ranger's baptism of fire, and in every known specimen, Texas Rangers die in action.

Six slain Rangers — a believable figure — is the number listed in the Ohio specimen just quoted. Still other versions reduce the death toll to five. A version collected in Colorado from an old Texas cowpuncher, John Hitson, by Kansas folklorist Myra E. Hall gives the number of slain as twelve.

Except in major wars, official Ranger outfits seldom had a peak strength of more than 40 men, so that any loss enumerated in these quoted versions would have still represented a high percentage of casualties.

But in an annotated specimen collected by Dr. Louise Pound in Nebraska, the number of dead Rangers is given as five hundred. Had this figure any substance of truth, such a battle would have eclipsed in casualties the Custer massacre of 225 U.S. cavalrymen at the Little Bighorn.

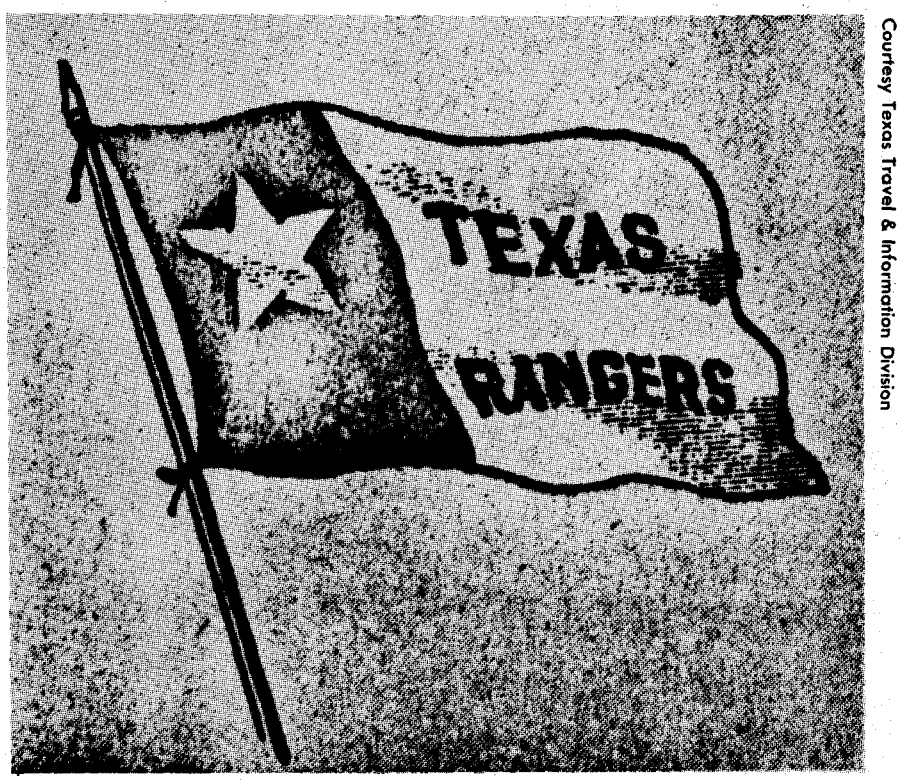
Only once did Texas Rangers ever serve in such massive numbers: That was during the Mexican War when they constituted a division of 1,000 men serving as part of the American army and, for the only time in their history, drawing Federal pay. After that conflict, of which they were the stellar combatants, most received regular military discharges. The post-war Ranger establishments would be traditionally small, except during the Civil War.

All versions of this notable ballad idealize mother and family love. Ties of kinship were consolations for the rough, often dangerous style of frontier living.

"Perhaps you have a kind old

The modern Ranger badge is designed as a five-pointed star supported by a wheel showing the Ranger affiliation with the State Department of Public Safety.

Courtesy Texas Travel & Information Division



The Texas Rangers are one of the great legends identified with the Lone Star Flag, as shown in this symbolic representation.

Courtesy Texas Travel & Information Division

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mother,
Likewise a sister to like you.
Likewise a good old sweetheart
To weep and mourn for you.

"If this is your situation
Although you like to roam,
I'll advise you by experience
You had better stay at home.

"My old mother in tears to me did say,
'To you they are all strangers,
With me you had better stay.'

"But I thought she was old and childish,
The best she did not know'
My mind was bent on ranging,
And with them I was bound to go."

(From several specimens.)

In the majority of versions, the age of the boy bent on rangering is given as sixteen. Naturally any mother would be worried about a teen-age son breaking the ties of home to go off Indian fighting.

Yet boys became men early in those turbulent days of the early West. Teen-agers did sometimes serve in the Rangers, though none would be accepted by the modern force.

Charles McGehee and Morris Lasker were each only seventeen when they enlisted. McGehee, a runaway from home, became a spot recruit when a party of Rangers, happening along, rescued him just in time from a band of encircling Indians. Lasker, later a state senator and a civic benefactor of Galveston, was the son of a Jewish family which had fled their native Germany to escape Prussian military service. Lonnie Moore, just fourteen, served with a company commanded by Big Foot Wallace. His arms were an old cap-and-ball long rifle which had been carried by his kinsman, Daniel Boone, in Kentucky and a bowie knife inherited from another forebear who had given that fearful weapon his name — Jim Bowie. Those brave young Rangers typified a gutsy young state.

Meantime the search for the true origin of the foremost Ranger song continues. A noted folk authority, the late H.M. Belden, believed it to have been derived from Nancy of "Yarmouth" - one of the many old English ballads brought to Texas by pioneers from the Southern Appalachians. Out leading contemporary song collector, Texas-born Alan Lomax, agrees. Mr. Lomax also points out that the supposed derivative, "The Texas Rangers," became the first nationally-known Western ballad. But we still do not know who first took an imported old tune about an English lady and turned it into a rousing new song about frontier fighters.

Courtesy Texas Travel & Information Division

Father of Texas and of the Texas Rangers. Stephen F. Austin organized and financed the first hard-hitting little company when Texas was a province of Mexico.

Very erroneously, Mr. Belden declared that "The Texas Rangers" was inspired by the Alamo tragedy. Yet this ballad bears no resemblance in text or narrative to any of several Alamo songs dating back to the war waged between the United States and Mexico from 1846 to 1848. Belden, quoted by Dr. Pound, also gave the date of the massacre as March 6th, 1835.

The opponents of the Alamo garrison were not Indians but Mexicans. Those 183 slaughtered Americans were not Rangers but members of a loosely organized volunteer force. Except for one small tribe siding with Mexico, Texas Indians remained neutral during the war for independence.

Finally the Alamo fell on March 6th, 1836, not that comparable date in 1835, one year earlier.

Folk historian Carl Carmer seems to have done some more blanket stretching. Mr. Carmer, who has otherwise given us some fine works of American folk history, claims, in what looks like an attempted imitation of a Texas tall tale, that the song originated miraculously from the lips of that Samsonesque Ranger, William A. "Big Foot" Wallace.

According to this rather lame

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whimsy, Ranger Wallace lay down to sleep after being pestered by a ferocious insect called "The Santafly", perhaps a play on the name of the Mexican dictator, Santa Anna, trounced by Sam Houston's army at San Jacinto. He awoke to find himself surrounded by a bunch of Indians out for his scalp. As he arose to disperse them single-handedly, the words of that Ranger ballad came to his lips, and on that battlefield it was supposed to have been first rendered as a battle song.

Ah pshaw, Mr. Carmer!

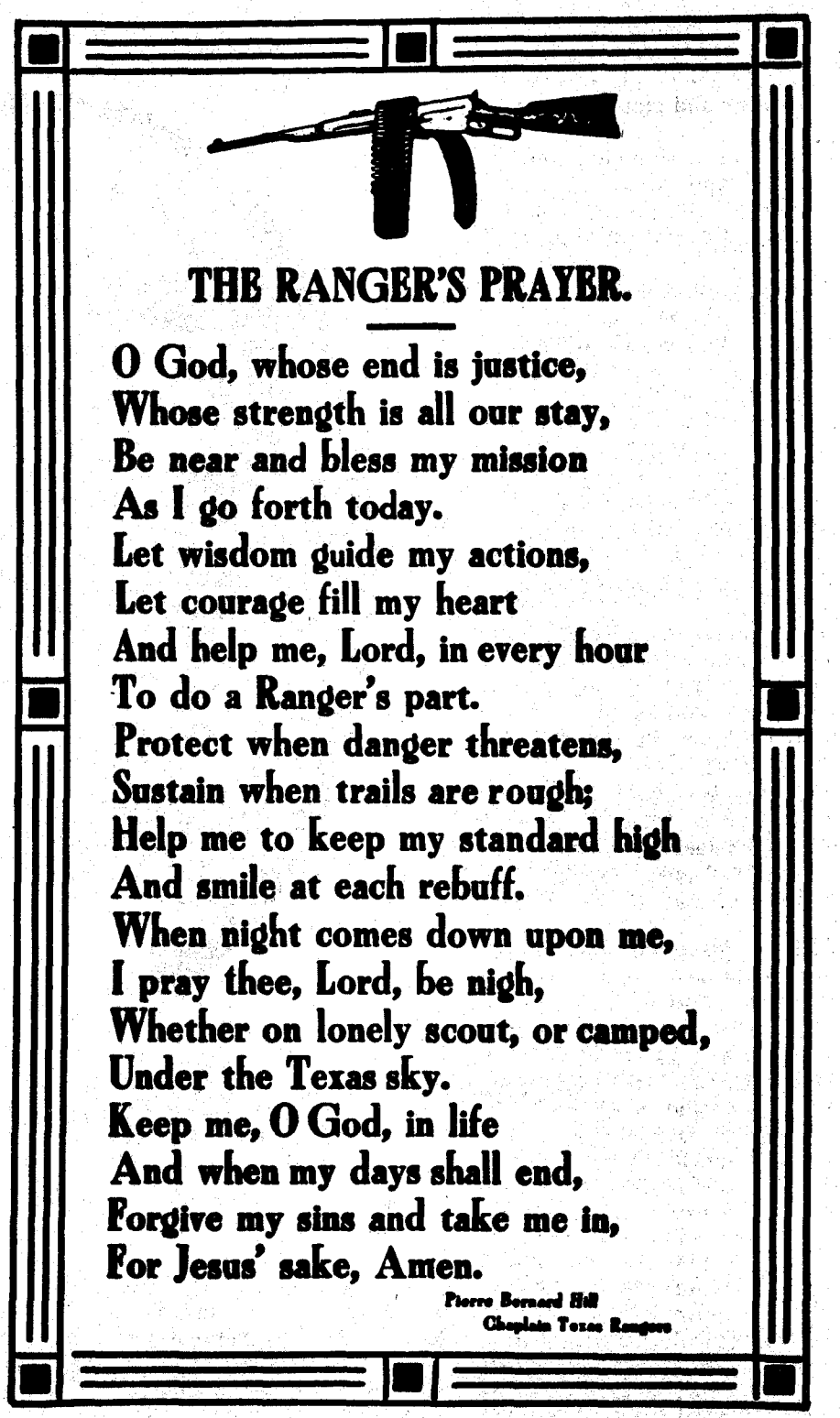
Kenneth Goldstein, one of the best informed contemporary authorities, declares that the "earliest known publication of this ballad" was by Francis D. Allan under the title of "The Texas Soldier Boy" in a work bearing the lengthy title *Allan's Lone Star Ballads, a Collection of Southern Songs Made During Confederate Times."* This rare songbook was published and compiled at Galveston during 1874 — a year after the Texas Rangers had been re-established following the disbanding of the force by the previous reconstruction government.

Dr. Austin Five, frequently quoted in this series, found one version in the November 18, 1903, issue of the *Texas Farmer Stockman* magazine. Newspapers and magazines of that period frequently published words of poems as remembered by readers. In this instance, the contributor claimed to have seen it in print during the late 1850's, approximately a half century before.

Mr. Goldstein commented that "Dr. Fife has been unable to substantiate the claim." Probably it never will be substantiated. The person who sent it in to that now-forgotten agricultural paper must have been up in years at the time, with his memory perhaps not having been too accurate.

We co-authors have not been able to point to any believable date of origin before 1863. Not that chronology meant much to the thousands of Texans who would sing it at box suppers, community music get-togethers, or county fairs. Nor would it matter to the Texas cowboys who popularized it across the West, first in Kansas with its railroad towns buying hoof-driven longhorn cattle for transport to the beef-hungry East. Western ranching people everywhere admired the Texas Rangers for their fearless campaigns against brand blotters, fence cutters, and plain old scrub rustlers.

The ballad seems to have quickly become known in the South. Texans, particularly, think of themselves as being both Southerners and Westerners. The song very soon became known in the Midwest, perhaps through shows and wandering balladeers, or possibly from one of the song sheets, called by folklorists "broadsides", known to have been circulated across the country.


THE RANGER'S PRAYER.
O God, whose end is justice,
Whose strength is all our stay,
Be near and bless my mission
As I go forth today.
Let wisdom guide my actions,
Let courage fill my heart
And help me, Lord, in every hour
To do a Ranger's part.
Protect when danger threatens,
Sustain when trails are rough;
Help me to keep my standard high
And smile at each rebuff.
When night comes down upon me,
I pray thee, Lord, be nigh,
Whether on lonely scout, or camped,
Under the Texas sky.
Keep me, O God, in life
And when my days shall end,
Forgive my sins and take me in,
For Jesus' sake, Amen.
Pierre Bernard Hill
Chaplain Texas Rangers

The Ranger's Prayer, written by Ranger Chaplain Pierre Bernard Hill. Many Rangers have been devout men, including Captain John R. Hughes who helped reform one tough border town by starting a Sunday school.

Printed and notated versions of the ballad, with historical references, are to be found in that gem of collections, Austin and Alta Fife's *Songs of the Cowboys* (Potter, New York, 1966), as well as in successive editions of John A. Lomax's monumental work, *Cowboy and Other Frontier Songs.* All of the Fife and Lomax Specimens may be considered authentic. Phonograph recordings un-

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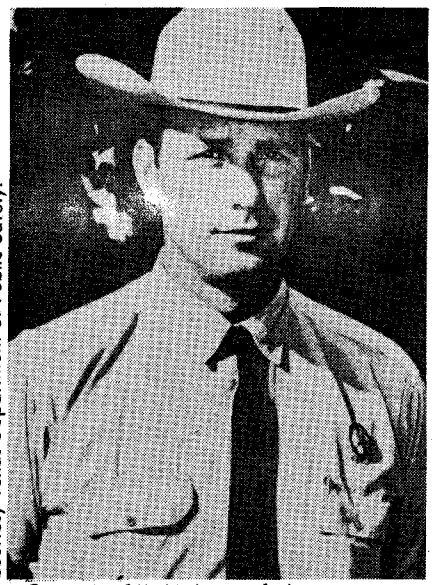

Courtesy Texas Department of Public Safety.

Captain Bill Wilson of the present-day Ranger force rates as one of the best contemporary Western lawmen.

fortunately are scant.

We Americans have always assumed that most of our traditional old ballads have come to us by direct importation from Britain's three divisions — England, Scotland, and Wales — or from neighboring Ireland. With these four ancestral nations we not only share long, ethnic and political traditions, but mutually the English language. Yet in some instances, our native ballads later found their way back overseas to these parent nations, to be imbedded in their folk music. American sailors, visiting British and Irish ports, may have been the first exporters of our distinctly native songs as Western cowboys spread them in our own country.

Vaudeville theaters, called by kindred lands "music halls", would also popularize American songs as would have immigrants returning to their birthplace from the States. The largest sources chronologically would have been our traveling Wild West shows, recordings, talkie movies, radio, and television, all transplanting much American culture to Europe.

During 1959 Kenneth Goldstein, visited Scotland. There he found two variants of "The Texas Rangers."

One was collected from an old singer in the Buchan district. Still older people remembered distinctly that the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show had visited the area many years before. Mr. Goldstein believed that this famous troupe had left the Ranger ballad behind as some memory of their performance.

Even more likely, this collector commented:

"The Texas Rangers ballad probably came to Scotland as part of the song baggage of some Buchan native who had visited or emigrated to America during the second half of the 19th century, only to return to his native heath some years later. With him he brought 'The Texas Rangers', perhaps part of a larger repertory of songs borrowed from his American friends."

The second version, entitled "The Gallant Ranger," was sung for Goldstein by Mrs. Lucy Stewart of a famous family of singers in that traditionally-minded Buchan area. She told her American visitor that she had learned it at her mother's knees when she was about ten years old, around 1911. This elderly lady added that the song "referred to the great mutiny of the Bengali sepoys (colonial soldiers) in India in 1858." It seemed that the British forces sent to curb the uprising included many Scots from Buchan, and that these men identified themselves with the internationally famous Texas Rangers.

Note the close resemblance of this European variant to its American original as rendered by Mrs. Stewart during January, 1960 in the key of E minor with 2/4 meter:

"About the age of sixteen I join't a gallant band,
I marched from Aberdeenshire into the Royal Gran!
Our general he gave orders, perhaps we thought that right:
Before you leave next station, I doubt you'll have to fight."

Here the commanding officer becomes a general instead of a captain, as in the parent version, "The Texas Rangers." The Royal Gran becomes a substitute for the Rio Grande. The age of the Scottish narrator, like his Texan forerunner, was sixteen. Over a long period many young Scottish and Irish boys would join the British army, because enlisting meant paid employment as well as a chance to see parts of the world lying beyond their own native bogs and hills.

But in "The Texas Rangers" the captain always warns his men that battle lies ahead at the "next station" or bivouac. The contrasting Scottish line, "I doubt you'll have to fight", attributed to the general, may mean just its opposite in some meanings of English as spoken in Scotland. For added verses describe much combat.

Passing mention must be made of those other songs inspired by the record of the great force. A pretty awful is something called "The Dying Ranger."

We reproduce in the body of this article the notation and the first verse, just for comparison's sake. The song, we believe, may have come out of that late nineteenth-century period when itinerant showmen inflicted overdone dramas upon naive small-town people, with shabby music based upon an assumed "wild west."

In Patagonia, at the tip of South America, folk-writer Charles J. Finger picked up one version of twenty maudlin stanzas — supplied, ironically, by an American fugitive from justice.

Unfortunately this piece of pathos is often confused with the much superior "Texas Ranger" ballad. So also is a composition of some merit entitled "Texan Rangers Song."

As an exception to the general rule, we can identify the author of this one. He was an acutal Ranger, James T. Lytle, who served in Captain Ben McCulloch's command during the Mexican War. A collector of military ballads, Edward Arthur Dolph, found what seems to have been Lytle's original version in a widely circulated songbook, *The Continental Vocalist,* published during 1855.

According to this rare book, the song was arranged by Henry Russel to the key of F sharp with a four-four meter. Mr. Dolph says that it derives from an older ballad entitled "I'm Afloat."

Here are some stirring excerpts:

"Mount! Mount and away o'er the green prairie ride.
The sword is our scepter, the fleet steed our pride.
Up, up with our flag.'
Let its bright star gleam out.

(Meaning the Lone Star flag of Texas.)

"Mount! Mount and away on the wild border scout.
We care not for danger, we heed not the foe —
Where 'er our brave steeds can bear us, onward we go."

And so on in a continuous flow of action. Strikingly, the ballad carries the swing and motion of western adventure stories written by such old masters as Zane Grey and Max Brand.

"The death dealing bullets around us may fall
They may strike, they kill but they cannot appall.

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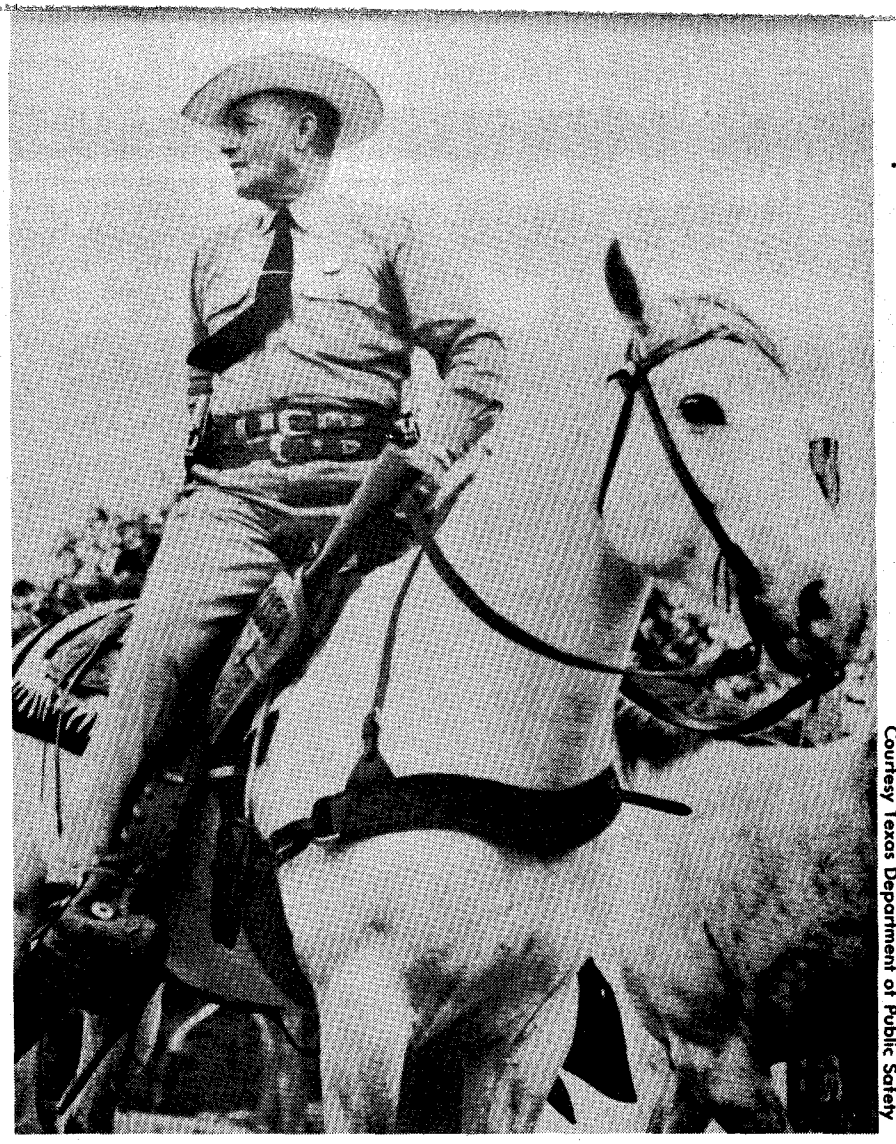
Through the red field of carnage,
right onward we'll wade.
While our guns carry ball, and our
hands wield the blade."

The ballad called "Mustang Gray" stems from that same period of the Mexican War. It is unique among Ranger songs for giving the name of a protagonist and one whom we can trace definitely through the legendry of the border country.

He was a South Texas Rancher whose proper name was Mabry Gray. That nickname of "Mustang" came from his having been a *mustangero* or dealer in wild horses. Not only did he serve with much courage as a Ranger during the war, but he seems to have had a strong attraction for Mexican ladies living on both sides of the international boundary.

Basically this composition is a projection of nineteenth-century romanticism on the mighty legend of the Texas Rangers. Accentuating the story is a romeo-and-juliet motive of a beautiful girl falling in love with an enemy warrior. We'll never know the name of this particular lass. Colorful Mr. Gray probably never revealed the name of the young woman who gave him her love and his liberty. The stanzas suggests that he was no longer young when it was first heard, perhaps in the saloons and variety theatres of San Antonio and Corpus Christi.

Here is an early version excerpted from Austin and Alta Fife's *Songs of The Cowboys:*



Courtesy Texas Department of Public Safety

Captain Clint Peoples, senior Ranger commander who, in the tradition of Jack Hays and L.H. McNelly heads today's Ranger force. Captain Peoples' name and record are synonymous with law and order throughout the State of Texas.

"There was a brave old Texan,
They called him Mustang Gray.
He left his home when quite a boy
And went roaming far away.

"He would not sleep within a tent,
No pleasures did he know.
But like a brave old frontiersman
A-scouting he would go.

"Once he was taken prisoner
And carried far away,
Had to wear the yoke of bondage
Through the streets of Monterey.

"A senorita loved him
And with a brave woman's pride
She opened the gates and gave him
Her father's horse to ride."

Not every Texan leaning behind bars had the good fortune to be rescued by the jailer's daughter. We can wonder about her feelings after she had stolen her father's horse and opened the "gate" for a departing lover whom she would never see again.

And what happened to the girl afterwards? Was she quickly married off to some Mexican *ranchero* so that her family could live down the disgrace? Or was she possibly shipped off to a convent for a lifetime of penance.?

Quien sabe, who knows? But tradition says that old Ranger Gray never forgot that particular *senorita* of all those he is said to have wooed up and down the Rio Grande.

The song is a tale of dignity and poignance. A recording of it is said to be in the Archive of American Folk Music of the Library of Congress.

Another sentimental ballad, "Here's to the Ranger", has little to recommend it. As is, we have neither notation or authorship for this mawkish outburst. The song, if it can be called that, reads as if it were written by some unmarried lady making the Texas Rangers her collective love image. Here is the first of seven purplish stanzas:

"He (the Ranger) leaves unplowed
his furrow,
He leaves his books unread
For a life of tented freedom
By use of danger led.
He's gayest in the dance:
Like the guardsman of old
England
Or the beau sabruer of France."

Probably this composition would have been forgotten long ago if some collector hadn't picked it up for the Texas Folklore Society.

A better work, "The Disheartened Ranger" contains no pretty posey. This graphic work adds up to a grim condemnation of men controlling the state's purse strings while using the Rangers as political pawns.

Four stinging verses carry the theme of the entire ballad:

"We're weary of scouting, of
travelling and routing
The blood thirsty villains o'er
prairie and wood;
No rest for the sinner, no breakfast

(continued on page 60)

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

JACK PERRIN

By Mario A. DeMarco

Perrin was born on July 25, 1896 in Three Rivers, Michigan. The family packed up and moved to Los Angeles when Jack was quite young. When Jack was in his teens, he decided on becoming an actor and made the rounds of the studios, hoping to get a break. He did manage to get a job as a janitor in one of the studios and later on as a bit player. When one of Mack Sennett's "Keystone Kops" became ill, Jack filled in and became one of the zany bunch. He got steady work thereafter in many of Sennett's popular comedies.

In 1917 he won the lead in a picture entitled *Toton, the* Apache, but unfortunately the United States had entered the war at this time and Jack enlisted in the Navy. He was put into the Submarine Service. When the war ended, he resumed his career and landed a job at Universal Pictures. It was the lead in a serial called *Lion Man* which was done in 1919. A year later he played in *Pink Tights,* and his performance in this picture won him more starring parts in major productions.

I remember Jack Perrin more as a character actor in "talkies" than as a western star of the silent era. I did manage to see several of his silent pictures at the end of that era and a few more in the "talkie" stage when he was doing films for independent producers such as Reliable and Syndicate. These westerns were poorly made and could not be compared to his other films.

The things that I remember about this cowboy were his good looks and his big stetson. He had a beautiful stallion named "Starlight", who was spotlessly white and quite intelligent, judging from some of the tricks he performed in Jack's pictures. He even received a billing along with the other players in the picture.

Rayart, an independent producer, was looking for a player to star in a series of westerns, so Jack was signed up. This series proved to be quite good and featured good camera work with enough action and riding to satisfy the theater fans. He managed to do westerns of high standard for several other studios and finally was signed by GBO which, at this time, was the leading studio for fast-action westerns. His work for FBO was probably the best in his career. Unlike the other studios, they had good scripts and weren't afraid to invest in their pictures. Jack also managed to do serials and became one of the top action stars in the movies.

"Talkies" entered the scene, but unlike some of the other greats, Jack had a presentable speaking voice and continued doing films in this new media. He left FBO, which had dropped westerns, and moved on to First National Studios, which produced films of about the same quality as FBO. From there he moved around, doing films for more independent producers.

It is quite interesting to note that Jack was signed up for the lead in Universal's chapter play, *The Jade Box,* which had 10 episodes and was done in both the silent and sound versions in 1930. This was the time that Tim McCoy was also doing *The Indians are Coming,* which was also filmed in both silent and sound versions and was listed as the studio's first all-talking serial.

Jack went on to do a series for Astor Pictures in 1934. He was teamed up with a comic sidekick, Ben Corbett, and did a number of 3-reelers, called the "Bud and Ben" series. They were compact pictures and quite entertaining to the fans. These were to be probably the last really good films in which Jack was to star. From there he did more pictures for more independent film companies, which were making profit returns rather than turning out classy westerns.

Jack's last appearance as a star was in 1936. Still, all in all, he had managed to remain on top for all of those years when most other silent stars had passed on to other jobs or out of sight. In 1938 he turned to character acting and stayed with this type of role until the 1940's. His last role was on T.V. where he made a cameo appearance in the popular "Maverick" series.

This good looking, 6'1" cowboy great had starred in seven serials and scores of great westerns. He was truly one of the pioneers in the great picture industry. Jack passed away in 1967 at the age of 71.

●RW

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By William Wingfield

FREMONT—

Courtesy Henry E. Huntington Library

John C. Fremont, man of vision whose life ended in tragedy.

When Colonel John C. Fremont first came to his huge Mariposa Grant ranch outside of Yosemite, it seemed as if the whole world had ended for him.

When Major General John C. Fremont lost it over a decade later, it again seemed as if the whole world had ended for him.

While he had the ranch, he soared to some of the greatest moments of triumph, success and happiness of any American. He had become one of America's richest men, the first United States Senator from California, the first nominee of the Republican Party for President of the United States, and one of the most admired military heroes in America.

Yet, in the end, the Mariposa adventure was as illusory as the legendary pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The mines on his ranch poured forth $3 million in gold, but for Fremont it was hardly more than fool's gold.

The career of John C. Fremont was one of mercurial ups and downs. Mariposa was the final and highest of all "ups" before the most abysmal and pathetic of all "downs."

Only a few years before he came to the Mariposa Grant, Fremont's career had been the ultimate that any young man of his time could ever hope for. He had been hailed as the "conqueror of California" — the man whose courage and daring had "single-handedly" wrested California from Mexico. He was the intrepid hero who braved snows, storms, mountains, deserts and Indians to explore and map the unknown West.

He was considered the most handsome man in American uniform. He was a frequent guest at the White House. He had married Jessie Benton, the most desirable girl in Washington, D. C. Her father was U. S. Sen. Thomas Hart Benton, the most powerful man in the

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Triumph Between Tragedies

Presidential candidate John C. Fremont led a strange life. It alternated between moments of glory and great personal torment. He was court-martialed for mutiny one year, then appointed by President Grant to high office a short time later. He owned a huge ranch, rich gold mines, and a few railroads — yet it all vanished in the end, a bubble burst by the winds of misfortune.

Courtesy Henry E. Huntington Library

General Fremont, Mrs. Fremont and their daughter at Fremont Tree on the old Mariposa Grant property.

Democratic Party next to the President.

Then, in the pattern that was to become typical of Fremont's career, it had all turned overnight to ashes. He was court-martialed for mutiny. He was thrown out of the U. S. Army. He was nearly bankrupted. There was little facing him and the beautiful Jessie except total disaster.

Even acquiring the Mariposa Grant seemed at first a typical Fremont disaster during this period of disgrace.

Before being taken back to Washington from California for the court-martial, Fremont had given his presumed friend, Thomas O. Larkin, $3,000 to buy for him an old mission farm near San Francisco. Fremont had looked forward to retiring from the backbiting of the Army and politics to a pleasant, pastoral life as a gentleman farmer.

To Fremont's horror, Larkin bought the farm for himself; for Fremont he bought 44,380 acres, or 70 square miles, of utter wasteland up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

The ranch, an old Mexican land grant, was worse than worthless. It seemed to contain nothing but rocks and trees. The area was overrun with hostile Indians. Even the boundaries were uncertain. It was $3,000 down the drain.

One of Fremont's few remaining hopes was to return to California and sue Larkin.

Disaster grew as Fremont started back to California. At his own expense and on his own initiative in order to overcome the disgrace of the court-martial, he had privately organized a new exploring expedition through the Rockies. He hoped his expedition would find a route suitable for a transcontinental railroad. It became a tragic fiasco equal to the Donner Party.

His expedition became lost and stranded somewhere in the snows of Colorado. The men froze and starved to death. As with the Donner Party, cannibalism was reported. Fremont, himself, barely survived.

Once rescued, he was taken to the home of his old friend, Kit Carson, in Taos, New Mexico to recover.

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Though moping and brooding in bitterness, Fremont was not a quitter. When his health returned, he felt he had no choice but to push on for California with what remained of his party.

The party was encamped on the Gila River in Arizona when its members saw clouds of dust rising. To their surprise, they found it was a veritable city of 1,200 people on the move. When Fremont inquired why, the answer was electrifying. Gold had been discovered in California. The Gold Rush was on.

It suddenly dawned on Fremont that the mammoth ranch Larkin had treacherously foisted on him was right in the heart of the gold country. There was obviously gold right on his own land.

He immediately hired 28 Mexican miners from the gold seekers to help him prospect and develop his own property in exchange for a share.

His luck had indeed suddenly changed. The Mexicans were soon taking gold out of the streams in such abundance that it was filling 100-pound sacks.

Fremont even took time to show his typical generosity. The family of his Negro servant was still in slavery. Fremont helped his servant pan $1,700 so he could buy his family's freedom.

Except for isolation, which was soon to be remedied by the mountains being overrun with other gold seekers, and its distance from the ocean, the Mariposa Grant was just what Fremont had wanted before gold was even discovered. Here was some of the most beautiful country in America, including nearby Yosemite Valley.

Along with the gold, there turned out to be ample pasture land for cattle. He could lead his pleasant, pastoral life and get rich, fabulously rich, super-rich, all at the same time.

One of the dominant peaks he named Mt. Bullion, not for its gold but in honor of his father-in-law. Senator Benton was nicknamed "Old Bullion" because of his support of President Andrew Jackson and his insistence on sound national money.

As more and more gold flowed from the hills, fortune blossomed in other fields. The river of gold was proving but a prelude to triumph and honor.

First, his career in the Army was vindicated. President Taylor named him to head a commission to survey the new boundary between the United States and Mexico. This certainly was a triumph over any military disgrace since Taylor was the foremost of Mexican War heroes and one of America's greatest generals. In addition, the honor came without any political pull because Taylor was a Whig while Fremont and Benton were Democrats.

Then Fremont's fellow Californians paid him tribute by naming him their very first United States senator.

Through another quirk of fate, Fremont's service in the Senate was brief; but by added quirks of fate that were so common in his life, this led to his selection as the first Republican nominee for President.

When he and California's other senator, William M. Gwin, arrived in Washington, there was a lottery, traditional on seating of Senators from new states, to determine which one received the "long" term and which one received the "short" term. Senatorial terms were staggered so that two from the same state wouldn't be up for election the same year. Fremont received the "short" term. He served in the Senate only from Sept. 10, 1850 to March 4, 1851.

This, however, was long enough for him to qualify as a statesman, but not long enough for him to get tarred with the brush of partisan politics.

He certainly made his mark as a statesman. In the brief period he served in the Senate, he introduced 18 bills. One called for the opening of a public road across the United States. Another granted public lands to establish the University of California. At the same time, he voted in favor of suppressing the slave trade in the District of Columbia and against heavy prison sentences for those who induced slaves to run away.

The last two brought him to the attention of opponents of slavery and made lasting enemies for him among supporters of slavery.

One Southern senator he especially offended was Henry Stuart Foote of Mississippi. While intoxicated, Foote charged in the Senate that one of Fremont's 18 bills was designed solely to benefit Fremont's Mariposa mines. When Fremont demanded an apology, Foote tried to hit him.

(Foote moved to California a few years later. Becoming a well-known San Francisco lawyer, he missed by only one vote from becoming senator from California himself. Ironically, his daughter married William M. Stewart, author of the 15th Amendment to the U. S. Constitution which abolishes the last vestiges of slavery.)

Because of his opposition to slavery, Fremont was not re-elected for a full term in the Senate. But he had made such a mark there, in addition to being a hero, that both the Democrats and the new Republican Party offered him their presidential nominations in 1856. The Democrats had a string attached to their nomination: He had to set aside his anti-slavery principles. Naturally he balked, even though election as a Democrat was virtually certain.

Though born in South Carolina, being against slavery was not a novelty for Fremont. Both he and his wife had always opposed it.

During the convention that drew up California's state constitution, delegates came to the Fremont home to hear Mrs. Fremont, speaking as the daughter of Senator Benton, say that under no circumstances would she ever own a slave. When an admirer offered Mrs. Fremont a slave as a gift, she indignantly refused.

People told Fremont that he could become even more wealthy if he used slaves to work his mines. He angrily retorted that he would rather be poor than profit from human misery.

He was nominated by virtual acclamation at the first Republican National Convention in Philadelphia. For his vice-presidential running mate, W. L. Dayton edged out an Illinois lawyer named Abraham Lincoln.

Indeed, though he had thrown away a sure thing with the Democrats for the very chancy candidacy of the Republicans, it still looked for a long time as if Fremont would win. His opponent, James Buchanan, was a most lackluster candidate. Buchanan was such an old fuddy-duddy that he never even got married.

As sometimes happens, the campaign simply peaked too soon. Idealism, for one thing, frightens people. People became afraid that Fremont's victory would force the South to secede. Even Senator Benton finally opposed Fremont for fear that a Republican victory would rip the nation apart.

At that, Fremont still received more popular votes than Abraham Lincoln, the first successful Republican candidate, did four years later.

With some wry humor Jessie Fremont afterwards named their home at the Mariposa Grant "The White House."

But none could say that being nominated was not, in itself, a sufficient honor. Defeat for the presidency left Fremont with unlimited fame and prestige. Defeat also meant that at last Fremont and

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Jessie could devote themselves to the idyllic pastoral life buoyed by their boundless wealth that they had always dreamed about.

With headquarters at "The White House," Fremont could now preside over his own mountain kingdom. Certainly it was more soul-satisfying than presiding over the United States. Like all kingdoms, it had excitements all its own.

When he first took possession, there was a question as to what really was his property.

Mexican land grants were frequently ill-defined. All too often, they were merely for a general area rather than a specific piece of land. In addition, during the war between the United States and Mexico, many legal deeds had been lost or destroyed or stolen. To add to the confusion, in 1851 Congress passed a law denying all titles and refusing confirmation of ownership without written proof.

Like many other Mexican claims, Fremont's was only for a general area. It was what was called "a floating claim." Others flooding in for the Gold Rush had also staked out claims of their own in the same area.

Understandably, when Fremont had to determine what were the actual borders of his ranch, he included many of these other claims within his own. Needless to say, this caused hard feelings. Lawsuit after lawsuit erupted. The matter finally went all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court, where Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney wrote the majority opinion upholding Fremont.

There was also the running question in California as to whether the person who owned the land on which a mine was located also owned the mineral rights as well. Even if their claims were on Fremont's land, a good many of the prospectors thought they still should own the mines. "It's ours, we found it!" they cried.

These disgruntled miners were always ready to challenge Fremont. They were joined by those looking for easy pickings — those willing to let someone else develop a mine and then take it over for themselves.

They were aided by a ruling of California State Supreme Court Chief Justice David S. Terry that if a mine was abandoned or unoccupied, it could be claimed by anyone.

The dispossessed and the outlaws banded together in Hornitas, a nearby town. They called their group "The Hornitas League."

Early one morning, there was a knock on Fremont's window. A voice called, "Colonel, the Hornitas League has jumped the Black Drift."

The Hornitas League had seized one of his mines. It had bribed the guard at the Black Drift to leave his post. Then the Leaguers grabbed it, claiming it was abandoned. In accordance with Terry's decision, the Hornitas League now had legal possession.

To prevent this happening again, Fremont fortified his remaining mines.

Once again, the Hornitas League tried to bribe the guards. This time, however, the guards were more honest. So the Hornitas League decided to lay siege to the mines and starve the miners out. Soon the League had 100 men barricading the Pine Tree Mine above the Merced River.

Under the circumstances, the wife of the mine foreman showed extreme courage. She loaded a market basket full of food. She told the Hornitas Leaguers that she was going to give it to her husband and they weren't going to stop her. The claim jumpers were so overawed by such a formidable woman that they let her through. She made the trip twice a day.

The claim jumpers had not only blockaded the mine but also surrounded the ranch. The Fremonts were cut off from the outside world.

They sent Mrs. Fremont a message that they would burn down "The White House" on top of her and kill Col. Fremont unless they were given the whole Mariposa Grant.

Mrs. Fremont showed as much spunk as her husband and her father. She personally rode up to Hornitas League headquarters and angrily threw down the gauntlet. She told them that the ranch was hers and Col. Fremont's and that she intended to remain. She said she would give it away to someone else before anyone in the Hornitas League ever got it.

Fremont feared that the Hornitas Leaguers might make good their threats. He knew they were rash and violent men, especially if they got drunk. He ordered his servants to kill Mrs. Fremont before she could be captured by the Hornitas League.

As the showdown seemed inevitable, a 17-year-old British student living at the ranch became the Paul Revere of Mariposa. Charles Douglas Fox eluded the Hornitas League by riding through the back country across Mt. Bullion and down the Merced River to Coulterville.

Members of the Coulterville Home Guard immediately set out for the ranch. The governor called out the State Militia, Soon there were 500 armed men coming to the rescue.

Courtesy Henry E. Huntington Library

Mrs. Fremont at her home in Los Angeles in her later years.

Seeing that it was outnumbered and outgunned, the Hornitas League promptly surrendered. One member groaned, "When I go gunning next time, I'll make sure first if we're after wild duck or tame duck."

Problems concerning Indians were disposed of just about the time Fremont first came. The governor issued a call for volunteers. The Mariposa Batallion was formed. It was commanded by Maj. James D. Savage, who had served under Fremont in the exploration of Oregon and the conquest of California.

Some Indians, led by Chief Tenaya, used to issue out of a "secret" defile in the mountains to harass settlers. In pursuit of these Indians, the Mariposa Batallion rode into the Indians' secret place, thereby discovering Yosemite Valley.

Prosperity continued to be so good that Fremont at last fulfilled his dream of a beautiful home in San Francisco.

He had been the one who first gave "The Golden Gate" its name. The name was first used by him on one of his Army maps He said he chose the name because it reminded him of "The Golden Horn" at Constantinople. Now he and Jessie paid $42,000 for some 13 acres they called "Black Point" about two miles from the Golden Gate, facing Alcatraz.

Fremont had often told Kit Carson that he looked forward to a home with big fireplace, books, and large

(continued on page 58)

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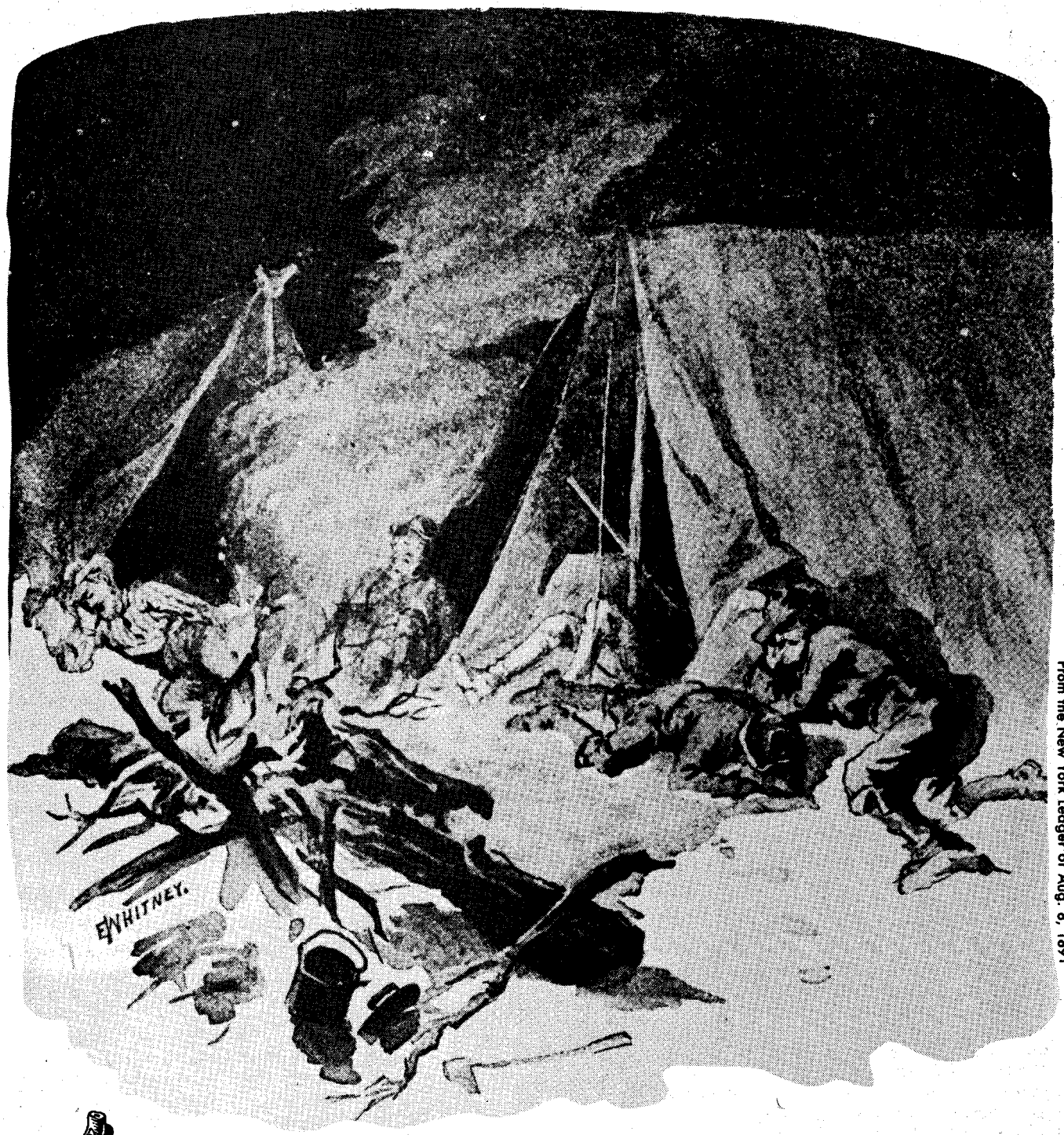
THE PHANTOM CAMP

In the eighteen-sixties, the Idaho Territory was one of the most lawless regions in the world. Benton Jones, a trader who was carrying a lot of cash on him, was wary of the three men who wanted to travel with Jones but he reluctantly agreed. What they saw on the night of October 11, 1864, may have all been imagined — but it saved the life of Jones and his friends!



From the New York Ledger of Aug. 8, 1891

Idaho Territory during the eighteen-sixties was one of the most lawless regions on earth. The courts were corrupt, partisan and useless for the ends of justice. Murder and robbery went unpunished. In a single county sixty homicides had been committed, and not one conviction was brought in. The inevitable

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An Idaho Legend

By G. F. Parsons

result was the evolution of the vigilance committee. When the limit of popular patience had been reached, retribution began and was pushed with a firmness that intimidated the assassins and thieves who had been permitted to do as they pleased for so long. It was in the fall of 1864 that a packer named Benton Jones traveled from Lewiston to Virginia, Montana with a trainload of merchandise and disposed of his goods at a satisfactory profit.

He made his preparations for the return journey, having sold some of his pack mules and discharged all but two of his men, as the train was going home unloaded, save for the gold dust which represented the outward cargo. It was the beginning of October when Jones set out on his long journey, and in the mountains some snow had already fallen. The packer took a tent with him, for the nights were getting cold and there was no reason why he should expose himself unnecessarily. His business indeed was full of danger and hardships, but it paid well, and he had so comfortable a bank account that he was justified in some little luxury of travel.

The little party proceeded by easy stages, for the roads were bad and became worse as they entered the Bitter Root Mountains. Nothing of interest occurred until they had been a week on the trail, but on the seventh day out, they overtook a party of three men with six mules, who appeared to be bound in the same direction as themselves. The free masonry of the road soon put both parties in possession of salient facts. The strangers were miners who had spent the summer in Montana and, after doing fairly well, were now on their way to Lewiston to winter and arrange for the spring campaign. The times were such that no man could gauge the character or purpose of any stranger. Neither dress, demeanor, language nor any conventional indications held good in that wild country.

The roughest man (both in appearance and manner) might be as honest as the day. The most polished and best-dressed man might be a highwayman, gambler or murderer. Perhaps the rough-looking stranger would not belie his appearance. Therefore, there was no way by which anyone's character could be fathomed in advance of actual experience. This, however, did not effect communication appreciable. The people of Idaho in those days were accustomed, as they would have said, to "take big chances": and they commonly took hostages of Fortune by carrying navy revolvers at their belts, so disposed that they could be grasped and used quickly, for then the one crowning argument was "getting the drop" on an opponent.

Now the three miners who joined Benton Jones were neither better-nor worse-looking than their fellows, nor was there anything about them to throw suspicion upon their story. So Jones easily agreed to their suggestion that the two parties should thenceforth camp and march together. When a likely camping-ground was reached that afternoon, they all halted, put up their tents — for the miners had one-lighted one big fire, cooked and ate their supper — and then sat sociable smoking and "swapping yarns" until it was time to turn in for the night. The next day, they were now well in the mountains and a hundred and fifty miles from any settlement. All day they climbed, and the air was sharp.

During the afternoon they entered the region where snow had fallen and lay on the ground; when they halted for the night, it was upon a small plateau having a steep precipice on its left, and which was surrounded on the other three sides by higher and rocky ground, which sheltered it from the prevailing wind. They were west of the divide and between the Clearwater and Bitter Root Rivers. The tents were pitched near one of the rocky walls of the plateau, and after a hearty meal all hands gathered about the great fire, upon which half a tree had been piled, and began the usual indolent chat. When they stopped for the night, the weather had been fine and the sky clear, and as they prepared supper, the stars twinkled brightly above them with that sharp glitter which betokens frost. While they smoked their pipes, however, they became aware that the stars were no longer to be seen; that the sky had rapidly become overcast; that a darkness quite remarkable for its opacity was closing in around the little circle illuminated by the fire.

Circumstances, as will be seen later, so befell that only three witnesses were to remain of what happened during this memorable night, and of those three only Benton Jones, the packer, could give a perfectly clear and connected account. His two assistants, however, put their hands to an affidavit reciting the main facts, and though in the nature of the case no instrument of the kind could have any legal value, it at least demonstrated the readiness of the men to affirm their belief in what they attested to. The six men in Jones' camp were scattered about the fire, some sitting on their saddles, some lounging on blankets and horse cloths. It was time to turn in, but nobody had yet done so, and all who compared notes the next day agreed in saying that a curious feeling of expectation affected every man at this stage of the dark and still night. Conversation had ceased somehow. There was something exciting and disturbing in the heavy air, something that made them all thoughtful and mysteriously uneasy.

Neither Jones nor his men could say afterward how long this lasted. The only conclusion to be drawn from their statements would seem to be that they fell asleep, or at least dozed. For when they became conscious, once more a great and inexplicable change in the scene had taken place. The night, indeed, did not appear to have grown any lighter. The same palpable blackness seemed to enfold and almost press down upon the camp. The fire behind which they were sitting had burned down to a bed of glowing embers without flame. But right in front of the fire, and about a hundred yards away toward the other side of the plateau, another camp could be distinctly, seen, also with two tents and with a great fire in front of it, while on the out-skirts could be seen the dark forms of stock. About the tents and the fire the figures of several men moved.

Benton Jones and those who were with him looked long at this unexpected and, in many ways, extraordinary spectacle, but oddly enough, nobody spoke and nobody offered to do what in such cases was always the first thing thought of namely, to step over to the new camp and exchange greetings and questions. How it came to be borne in upon them none could say, but the feeling was there and recognized that somehow this was not an ordinary scene upon which they were looking. The idea of anything mysterious did not occur to them, for they were all intensely practical and stolid men, possessing literally no imagination and amenable to no superstitions.

(continued on page 52)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

We were watching an old Western movie on television the other night and were amused to see a line of Conestoga wagons moving across the prairie. A minimum of research on the part of the movie-makers would have revealed to them that the Conestoga wagon was very seldom used in the westward trek, being too big, too heavy and too cumbersome, especially through the narrow, rocky and precipitous passes of the Rockies. The ideal and most popular vehicle had to be light enough so as not to put undue strain on the oxen, but strong enough to hold a load of up to 2,500 pounds. To achieve this, the pioneer used wagons made of wood such as maple, hickory and oak, the "prairie schooner" so often pictured in books about the pioneers. Actually, it was an ordinary farm wagon modified to meet the hardships of the trail.

The wagon bed was about four feet wide and 10 to 12 feet long. At the front was a "jockey box" to hold tools. Iron, because of its weight, was used sparingly, only for tires, axles and hounds (bars that connected the undercarriage). The cover was made of canvas or cotton, and the bows over which it was stretched were made of hickory. Hung on the rear would be a bucket to hold grease or a mixture of tar and tallow to lubricate the wheels. The Conestoga wagon was a splendid vehicle — but not for moving West.

Q. How did California get its name? L. Burr, Findlay, Ohio.
A. A writer of the Middle Ages, one Garci Ordonez de Montalvo, wrote a romance about a mythical island peopled only by women — Amazons — and ruled by a queen named Calafia; the island was called California. The Spanish conquistador, Cortez, applied the name to what is now our western state.

Q. What ever happened to James Marshall who discovered gold at Sutter's Mill? V. Kuntz, St. Cloud, Minn.
A. Poor Marshall never made a dollar from his historic discovery. He tried mining, but the superstitious miners, feeling he was lucky, would dog his footsteps whenever and wherever he sunk a claim, and none of his claims ever paid off anyway. He died broke.

Q. I read that during the California gold rush entire crews would desert their ships and make for the gold fields. How did the ships ever get under way again? L. Fitzler, Lawton, Okla.
A. A lot of them didn't; they just laid there and rotted. Some captains would put their crews in chains to insure against desertion.

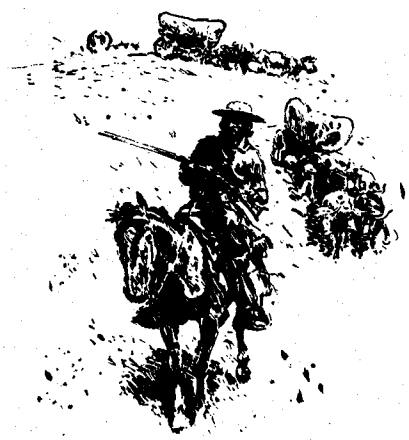
Q. What kind of a meal was a Hangtown Fry? O. Oakham, San Angelo, Tex.
A. A culinary delight, consisting of fried eggs, bacon and tinned oysters.

Q. I thought I had heard everything until I heard about sunburned udders. How can a cow get sunburned udders? T. Bruce, Bowling Green, Ky.
A. Very easily in the winter. The sun reflects off the snow making the udders so tender that the cows refuse to suckle.

Q. Is the glorious old Texas Longhorn steer extinct? V. Dutilly, Brampton, Ontario.
A. Not quite. There are 300 on the 24,000-acre Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge near Cache, Oklahoma, and a smaller herd at Fort Niobrara National Wildlife Refuge near Valentine, Nebraska.

Q. Didn't one have to be American to qualify for land under the Homestead Act of 1862? P. Cotter, Omaha, Neb.
A. No; under the act anyone, alien or citizen, for a filing fee of $10 would receive 160 acres of land free, provided he worked it for five years. Additional land could be acquired for $1.25 per acre.

Q. How fast did the wagon trains travel? B. Cassese, Selma, Ala.
A. They averaged about 15 miles a day.



Q. Is Nebraska an Indian name? C. Spiers, Monroe, La.
A. Yes, it is. It means "flat and shallow."

Q. What was the death rate during the great immigration to the West? D. Baggot, Springfield, Mo.
A. An estimated total of 20,000 perished, mostly from cholera. This amounts to about one out of every seventeen.

Q. Being so far from civilization, how did the pioneer housewife manage without the basics we consider so necessary? E. Hurlbutt, Danville, Va.
A. She improvised. She made her own soap from animal fat and lye. She got her dye from tree bark and brewed her tea from sage leaves. She boiled carrots with sugar syrup to make jam. Onions mashed in sugar was her cough syrup, and gunpowder dissolved in water was her eye wash. Juice squeezed from an onion, after it had been wrapped in tobbacco leaves and baked in the hearth, was her earache remedy. Having no doctor or pharmacist, she made her own medicines: coal oil for dandruff; warm manure for snakebite; warm urine for earache, freckles and sunburn; sassafras tea for spring fever; roasted mouse for measles; shotgun pellets for boils (you swallowed them!); buttercup tea for asthma, and a potato in your pocket for rheumatism.

Q. Where did the name "Mormon" come from? J. LeDeaux, Lake Charles, La.
A. Mormon was the father of the angel Moroni who appeared to Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Q. How many wives and children did Brigham Young have? K. Clarke, Abilene, Texas.
A. Brigham Young had 27 wives and 56 children, 31 female and 25 male.

Q. I am intensely interested in the American early West. Can you recommend a book or books which sums up its story? All I get here is bits and pieces. V. Chapelle, Lancashire, England.
A. There is a plethora of excellent books on the West, but for the general reader we heartily recommend the Time-Life series *The Old West* which has produced volumes titled "The Cowboys", "The Pioneers", "The Forty-Niners" and "The Railroaders", all well researched and written, lavishly illustrated with rare early photographs and with a bibliography that will keep you busy for years. ●RW

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

CONTINUING THE FAMILY TREE OF MIANTONOMO

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, *Museum of History.*

In a previous article, the family tree or connections of Miantonomo, a Chief of the East Coast Narraganset Indian tribe, was followed through his son and brother.

Miantonomo had an uncle, Canonius, also a Chief of the Narraganset. In the records, this Uncle's name is spelled in various ways and appears to have been changed perhaps by the Latin "Canonicus" from "Quannoune." Canonius should not be confused with Cononchet (Nanuntenoo).

Canonius had early sought friendship with the English, but in 1622 he sent the people of Plymouth the customary challenge of war. His trust in the English had been shaken by their actions, plus the fact they seemed to no longer trust him. When Roger Williams had arrived in Narraganset territory, Canonius had come to respect this man and his attitude towards the Indians.

Therefore, Canonius gave Roger Williams a tract of land and the title, which was settled and later became a part of Rhode Island. Canonius was wise, prudent and peaceable, and was often highly praised by both Indians and white men. He had, though, been at war with the Wampanoag periodically for many years. Finally in 1635, their disputes were settled, due to the efforts of Roger Williams. In 1647, at the age of 80 years, Canonius died.

A cousin of Miantonomo was Mriksah, eldest son of Canonius, who was also known as Mexan, Mixan, Mixanno and Meika. After the death of his father in 1647, he was made Chief Sachem of the Narraganset tribe. He married the noted Quaiapen, also known as old Queen, Sunk Squaw, but possibly best known as Magnus. She was the sister of Ninigret, a noted Sachem of the Niantic tribe. Mriksah was one of the Sachems to whom the English Commissioners at Boston sent a party of interrogators regarding the Indians and their connections with the Dutch of New York.

Mriksah was in close contact with Ninigret and the affairs of the Niantic tribe, due in part to his marriage with Magnus. Magnus, possibly a corruption of another name she was called, Matantuck, along with her other names as noted above, was also a woman Chief of the Narraganset and one of the six Sachems of their territory in 1675. Magnus was killed by the English after she was captured in the swamp fight near Kingston, Rhode Island in 1676.

Ninigret was the brother of Quaiapen, or Magnus, and a cousin, by marriage, to Miantonomo. Ninigret was a Sachem of the Niantic tribe who lived in or about Westerly, Rhode Island. His name is also listed as Neneckunat, and he was first known to the English as Janamo or Ayanemo. In 1637, on a trip to Boston, he was well received by the English, but after Miantonomo was killed by Uncas, Ninigret began a war against the Mohegan, which annoyed the English.

Finally, and because of English pressure, a treaty was signed in 1647 at Boston between the two tribes. The conduct of Ninigret, when he appeared before the Commissioners at this time, was to his credit and had much to do with his good treatment. In 1652 Ninigret visited the Dutch at Manhattan and this aroused the suspicions of the English, even though their doubts were groundless. This did cause trouble, though, and in 1653 Ninigret was embroiled in fighting with the Long Island Indians. During the King Philip War, Ninigret remained neutral, but he had trouble in maintaining relations with the English.

He later secured for himself and his heirs the tribal lands near Charlestown. However, after the capture of Nanuntenoo (Canonchet), the last Chief of the Narraganset, the tribe was consolidated with the Niantic tribe, under Ninigret. Both Ninigret and Miantonomo had been lifelong rivals of Uncas, the Moghegan Chief. Ninigret was usually peaceful, but in 1659 he was drawn into a conflict with the Montauk of Long Island, forcing that tribe to take protection among the white men at Easthampton.

It was said that Ninigret was a clever Sachem with much pride as well as property and that most of his possessions were obtained by negotiation rather than by war. He died sometime before the close of the century. While many Indians had taken up Christianity, Ninigret was much opposed to it. He once told Eliot Maynew, the missionary, to make the English good, first, then come back to the Indians.

King Philip, although not directly connected with any of the above, did influence many of their lives. His Indian name was Metacom, and he was the second son of Massesoit. He attained Sachem of the Wampanoag tribe at the death of his father in 1661 and of his older brother in 1662. He was known to the English as Philip of Pokanoket, or King Philip. He was one of the most remarkable of the New England Indians and managed to keep peace with the colonists through nine difficult years.

However, war was inevitable and the struggle called the King Philip War took place from 1675 to 1676. This was the war in which the people of the Niantic tribe, under Ninigret, fought with Philip. It was also the war in which Magnus, wife of Mriksah, was killed. King Philip was also killed in this war, and his head is said to have been cut off and exposed at Plymouth for several years. His wife and small son, along with others of his tribe, were sold as slaves in the West Indies.

Uncas played a part in many of the lives of the same Indians. His name is

(continued on page 64)

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THE JAMESES IN CALIFORNIA

By Carl W. Breihan

Folks said that Jesse and Frank James were the two most dangerous outlaws in the West but when they visited their highly respected uncle, Drury James, in California, no one suspected they were the deadliest gunslingers to ever rob a bank or loot a train.

Carl W. Breihan collection

Fletcher Taylor, Frank James and Jesse James. Photo was taken at Nashville after the end of the war in 1866.

After the bank robbery at Russellville, Kentucky in 1868, Jesse James returned to Missouri, riding from Chaplin, Nelson County, to Clay County, Missouri, where he was seen during the first part of April. It is no wonder that he and the men he led were able to escape the irate Kentucky lawmen. Two of the bandits had not been as lucky as the rest, however, for Detectives D. T. "Yankee" Bligh and Gallagher had tracked Ol Shepherd to Missouri, where he decided to fight it out and was killed in the process. His cousin, George Shepherd, also fared badly. He was captured in Tennessee and sentenced to serve three years in the Kentucky State Prison.

Frank and Jesse, on the other hand, knew every trail across the swamps of southeastern Missouri and every path in the rugged hills in the southern counties of

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Missouri. Moreover, in those early days after the Civil War the friends of the Jameses were numerous in the Show-Me State. It was through the advice of one of these friends, Dr. Joseph Wood of Kansas City, that Jesse decided to visit California. And why not; he had an uncle Drury Woodson James living there. It was also thought that the change of climate would be beneficial for his lung trouble.

Uncle Drury was born in Logan County, November 14, 1826 and was raised by his sister, Mary Mimms, his mother having died when he was several months old. He later enlisted in Capt. Triplett's Company H, First Regiment, Kentucky Infantry, at Ceaham City, May 19, 1846 and served in the Mexican War until mustered out at New Orleans in 1847. John and Mary Mimms were then living in Harlem, Missouri and Drury joined them there. It had also been in the Mimms home at Harlem, across from Kansas City, where Jesse had been nursed back on his feet by his double first cousin, Zerelda Mimms, whom he later married.

In 1848 Drury and his nephew, Robert W. Mimms, went to the Hangtown, California gold fields where he mined until the spring of 1850, then Drury became a cattle dealer, supplying the various mining camps with beef. His expanding cattle herds at one time numbered over five thousand head. Drury's family was in or around Hangtown, now Placerville, when his brother, Rev. Robert Sallee James, arrived. No doubt he was with him when he died shortly thereafter of California fever. To date no one has been able to locate his grave, although much labor has been put into this task.

Drury kept in touch with his Missouri relatives. He was host to the James boys in the summer of 1868. Drury did not knowingly harbor fugitives from the law, if the boys were such at that early time, as they even had a visit with General Henry W. Halleck, then Commander of the Division of the Pacific.

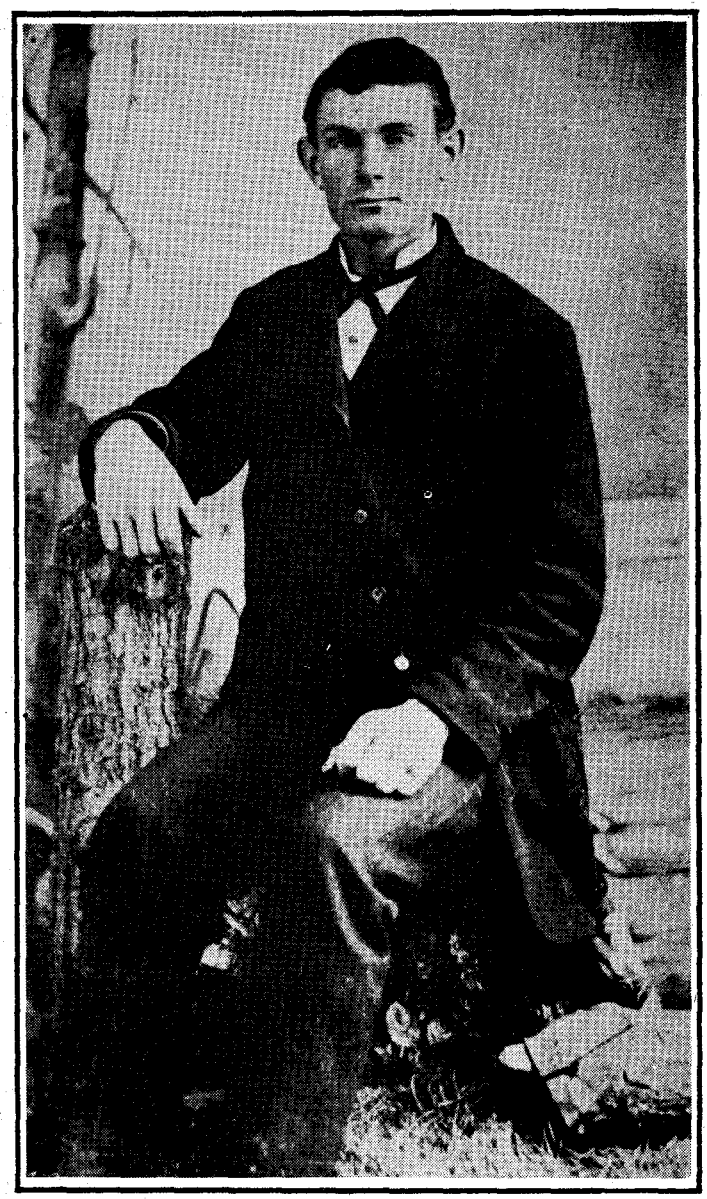
In 1860 Drury, with John G. Thompson, a Kentuckian, bought the La Panza Ranch. On September 15, 1866 in a double wedding, Drury and Daniel Blackburn married sisters at the San Luis Obispo Mission. Drury married Louisa, and Blackburn married Cecelia Dunn. Louisa was unhappy at the ranch, for she feared Indian attacks. In 1868 Drury's family moved to Paso Robles. There seven children were born to Drury and Louisa James.

After the sale of La Panza in 1869, Drury bought half of El Paso de Robles Rancho; Daniel Blackburn owned the other half. On that site the two men built a hotel and bath house, had the town surveyed in 1886, and began to sell lots. The town of Paso Robles was incorporated in 1889, with Drury as one of the original incorporators and President of the Board of Trustees. Drury donated land for a public school, the present site of the Paso Robles Junior High School.

Drury James was San Luis Obispo County Supervisor for seventeen years, as well as holding other positions of trust, even to the extent that he was the choice of the Democratic Convention in 1877 for nomination for governor, but he declined the honor.

When Drury James died on July 1, 1910 the flags at the Court House in San Francisco floated at half mast in respect to the memory of this great gentleman.

In May of 1869 Jesse James left the home of his mother near Kearney for New York. On the 8th of June he booked passage on the steamship *Santiago de Cuba* bound for Aspinwall, crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and there took a steamer for San Francisco. The spoils of the Russellville raid enabled him to take this trip for his health. Frank James at the time was hiding in the home of a respectable citizen in Nelson County, Kentucky, probably that of his wartime friend, Sheriff Donnie Pence, or at the Sayers home. Even then, it was thought



Carl W. Breihan collection

Rare photo of Jesse James taken from Frank James' personal album and marked "Jesse James, My Brother."

unsafe for him to remain in the States, and it was decided that he, too, should visit California.

On quiet evening, several weeks after the Russellville affair, Frank was driven through Bloomfield, Fairfield, and on through Mt. Washington to Louisville. From there he boarded a train for St. Louis. There he registered at the Southern Hotel as "F. C. Markland, Kentucky." He notified his mother, Mrs. Samuel, at Kearney that he decided to go west across the Rocky Mountains. Mrs. Samuel met her son at the home of a relative in Kansas City, where he remained for several days. Then he took passage for California, where he arrived a few weeks before Jesse. From San Francisco Frank went to the home of his uncle Drury James in San Luis Obispo County, who, at the time, was the owner of a health spa called Paso Robles Hot Sulphur Springs. After spending some time at Paso Robles, Frank went to the home of J. D. Thompson, an acquaintance of some time back. He remained for some time at the La Panza Ranch, now owned by a friend of Drury, until after the arrival of brother Jesse. It was their second visit to California.

Jesse and Frank met at Paso Robles and in the autumn visited some of the Nevada mining districts. Their stay at the spa had done wonders for their health, and the boys were again anxious to be on the move.

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Frank, grave, self-possessed, lithe of figure and graceful of manner, had a warm pressure of the hand and a winning glance of the eye for those whose friendship he desired. He was scholarly, too, this rough fighter of the border, and he could speak German and Spanish fluently, as well as quote Shakespeare.

Jesse, smiling and warm-hearted, made friends easily and was jovial and loved practical jokes. He was cautious, and his keen judgment prevented his social qualities from betraying him into conversational pitfalls.

Some rancher friends in the vicinity of Lake Tulare had been urging the James brothers to pay them a visit, and the accustomed exercise in the saddle, in a pure air, roused the craving for excitement and fresh dangers. They also wished to explore the tales of get-rich stories in the new mining areas. Bidding fond farewell to their relatives and friends in Southern California, the two James boys pressed forward to the new El Dorado. No one would ever have suspected them of being the most dangerous and most wanted outlaws in the world.

Striking back across the Sierra Nevada, they made their way to the mining camps in the Reese River country and mixed anew in the wild life to which they were so accustomed. Here they met a few old acquaintances and also made a few new friends. But what could a mining camp offer in the way of excitement to these men who had ridden pell-mell over Missouri with Quantrill and made bank robbing part of their annual chores?

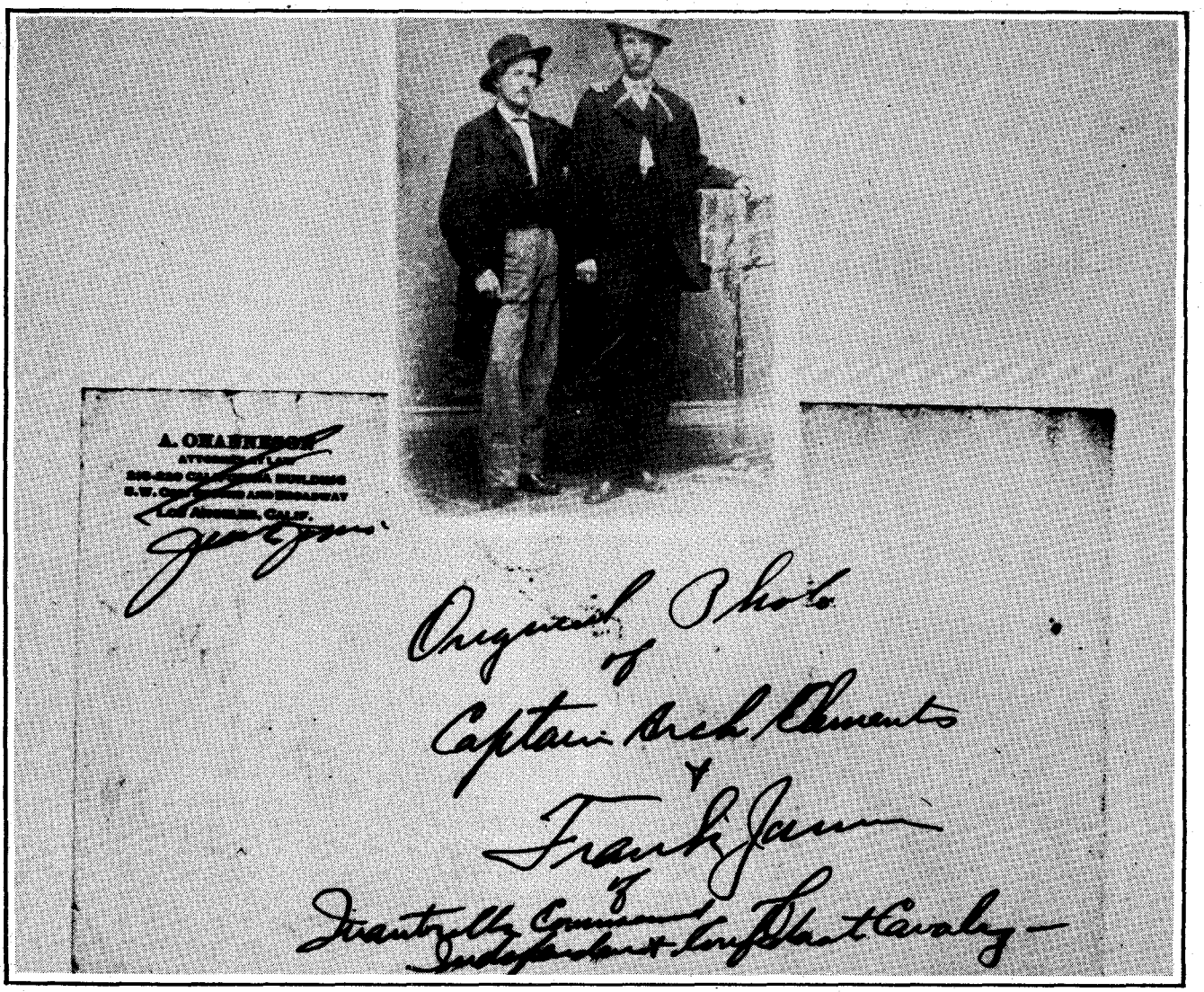
When some of the more adventurous of the Reese River miners followed a new strike made on the other side of the Sonoma Mountains, Frank and Jesse joined in the fresh activities of a new mining camp. The town sprang up overnight. A main street was laid out; saloons and eating places, dance halls and gambling dens, noisy shouts and music, and profanity made high noon in every one of the twenty-four hours of the day.

Neither Frank nor Jesse drank to any great extent (very little, in fact), but the thrill of the gambling tables appealed to them somewhat, as it did to most great desperadoes. They soon became noted for iron nerve, high play, and clear head. Some of the disgruntled ruffians decided to rob the two men from Missouri by means of a friendly game, and they had no thought but that they would have easy pickings. Jesse and Frank and two friends were pitted against thirty or more other men who were present.

Jesse's friend, sitting at the same table, had just called the hand of his rival, also one of the conspirators.

"Three Kings," said the gambler.

"Three Aces," coolly replied the other, as he raked in his winnings. He also said, "Friend, I discarded a King. When the cut was made for your deal, the bottom card was ex-



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Arch Clements and Frank James. Clements rode with Quantrill as did Frank James. The photo is from an original tintype taken in 1867. The handwriting is that of Jesse's son, Jesse Edwards James.

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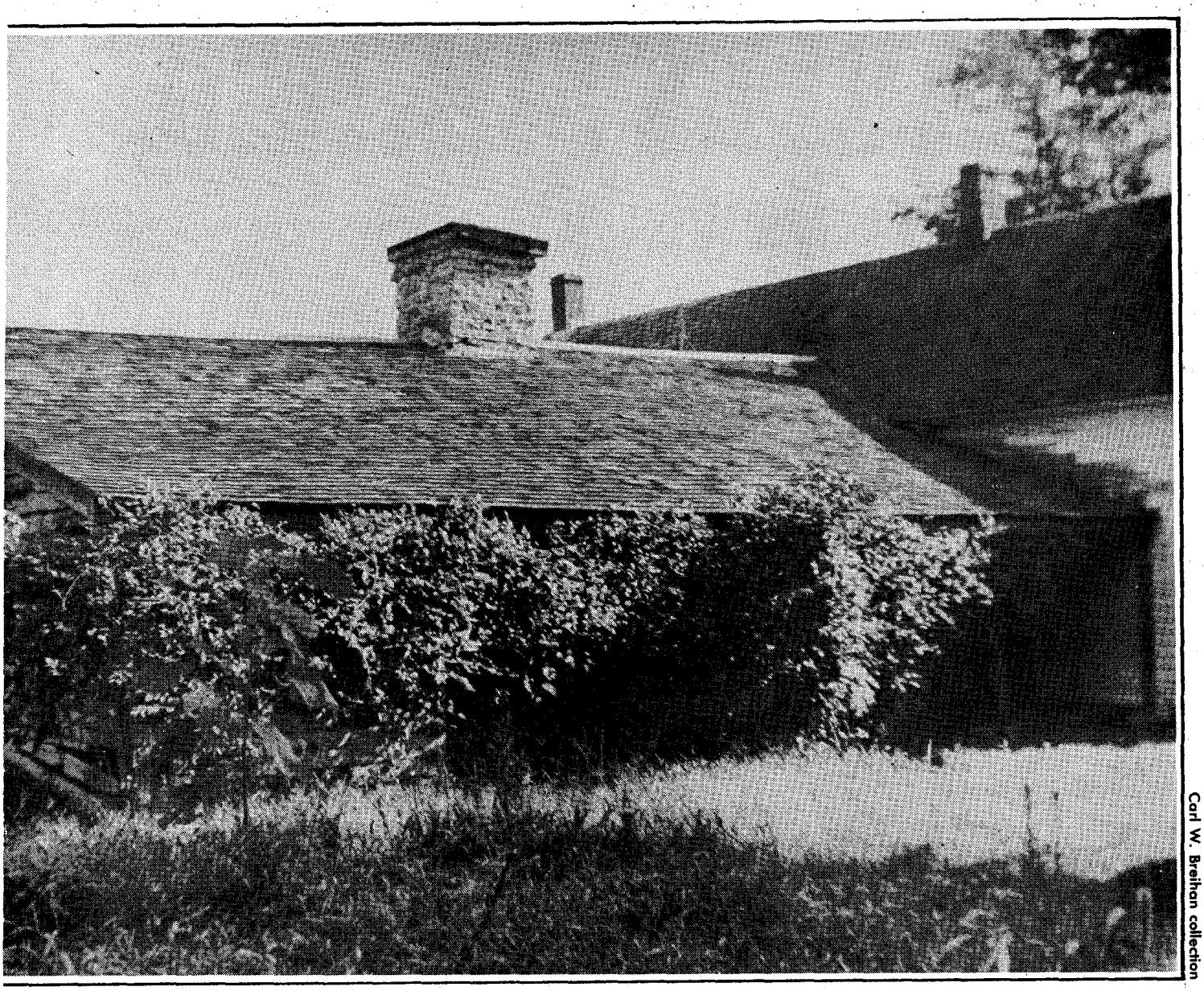

Carl W. Breihan collection

The home where Jesse James was born at Kearney, Missouri.

posed, and it was a King. You got your third King from the bottom. Don't do it again."

"It's a damned lie!" shouted the red-faced gambler as he dove for his gun.

The attention of all in that part of the room was now fixed upon the party. One gambler drew a pistol; the other a Bowie knife. Jesse had taken in the whole situation in a glance. He knew that someone had to die as he heard his friend's accusation.

Jesse's pistol roared, and the gambler with the gun dropped dead. The gambler with the knife slashed at Jesse, but his aim was off a bit and Jesse's gun roared again, the heavy slug taking off half the top of the man's head.

The rest of the conspirators now realized they were playing with fire. Had they known the truth of the matter, they would have prevented the oncoming slaughter.

Frank and his companion had risen, and the strategic point for the four men was the door, through which lay their only retreat. More shots rang out, and more men hit the floor. Now the lamp was extinguished, and Jesse gave the word to rush for the door. When they had gone, the lamps were lighted again amid a scene of death, agony, and confusion. On the floor three men lay dead and five near death. The place was a shambles, strewn with wreckage and bloodstained tables and chairs.

The crowd that gathered determined to follow the four men who were responsible for this outrage and to settle matters with them. A mile away they came upon the four Missourians taking the back trail for the Pacific Railroad. This would be an easy task, they thought. It was four against many.

"Don't attack us," warned Jesse, "We have fought before and will fight again."

At a signal the four fired a volley into the group of followers. Four of them fell dead to the ground. This was enough for them. With a parting volley aimed at the four outlaws, the mining camp men retreated and were happy to do so.

The fight prompted the miners to call the place Battle Mountain. They certainly had fared badly in the melee, even though one of their bullets inflicted a minor wound on one of the four. When they reached Winnemucca, they were told of the horrible fight and were advised to skirt the area by all means. From this point Jesse and Frank James boarded an eastbound train and in due time were safe in their old haunts in Missouri. ●**RW**

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CHARLES SIRINGO, A Texas Cowboy

By Thomas A. Frazier

Charles Siringo worked as a cowboy during the hard bitter years when a dollar a day was good wages for working from dawn to dark and sometimes longer. Siringo was a very special kind of cowboy; he was a gifted writer who wrote authentic books about the real life a cowboy lived.

Opposed to the fictional cowboy — with his trusty and ever-ready gun slung strategically on his hip, resting in a silver-studded holster, astride a magnificent steed, riding in a highly decorated saddle, shod with impeccably tanned and polished boots — there is the real-life cowboy — unshaven and dirty, coated with dry perspiration accumulated after months on the bathless range, red-eyed from the alkali dust that blew into his face, the very picture of a homeless tramp, a hobo except for the fact that he did own a horse, and he did work, and work hard.

Not for him the rousing rescue of beautiful maidens from villains foul; not for him the stirring challenge of the gunfight, with his life depending upon his unerring aim and lightning draw. For him, rather, the dull, monotonous riding the range for week after week into months, rousting reluctant and stubborn steers into travel patterns, pushing red-hot irons into hairy flesh, inhaling the acrid odor of burning skin, crawling and shivering into bedrolls on invariably chilly nights, rising in the cold dawn to wearily climb into saddle again and do it all over — day after day after day.

Such a cowboy was Charles A. Siringo. Charlie experienced it all, and in the days when a cowboy was really a cowboy: in the 1870's and 1880's. He not only experienced it, he wrote about it later in numerous books which, happily for him, sold very well. Charlie was very fertile, book-wise. He wrote *A Cowboy Detective,* which told of his twenty-two years with the Pinkerton Detective Agency; *Further Adventures of a Cowboy Detective,* which is self-explanatory; *History of Billy The Kid,* whom he knew; *The Lone Star Cowboy,* an autobiography; *Riata and Spurs,* one of his most popular; *A Texas Cowboy,* another attempt at autobiography, and *Two Evil Isms, Pinkerton and Anarchism,* a copy of which is very hard to obtain, since the Pinkertons used every legal means to suppress it.

It is almost a truism in our minds that European immigrants, especially those from Italy and Ireland, landed, settled and stayed in New York or its environs. Not true, of course. The Irish and the Italians, as well as newcomers from other countries, even China, eventually populated the vast empty spaces of our early West. Charlie's daddy did. He came from sunny Italy, married a colleen from Ireland, and settled in Matagorda, Texas, with the Gulf of Mexico for his front yard.

Charlie was born there on February 7, 1855. Unfortunately, his father died when Charlie was one year old, and his mother was left with the care of the ranch and Charlie and his older sister. Sister was apparently a well-behaved little girl, but Charlie, according to his own account, was a handful, not at all interested in chores, and he remembers with pain the frequent use by his mother of a "large black" strap".

One time, having been truant from both school and chores and, though hungry, afraid to go home because of the black strap, he tells of how he curbed his hunger by feeding "calf-style" from their old brown cow. Charlie wasn't too interested in school, either, preferring hunting and fishing with his friend, Billy. He was intensely interested in the cowboys who occasionally visited the area, riding and roping and branding, and his ambition was to become one of them. In the meantime, he tells us, he practiced by riding the young calves of his mother's small herd, much to her distress.

In 1862 some Union troops invaded the area and engaged in a series of skirmishes with the local Confederates, engagements that were largely inconclusive, but Charlie tells of hearing the guns and of seeing bodies washed up on the beach. One that he inspected closely had been shot through the heart, and his wrist was marked "J. T." in India ink. During the war several ships were driven ashore by Union gunboats in Charlie's area, and the settlers would garner the plunder. It was from such a source that Charlie secured his first real pair of pants. The Confederates rounded up all the cattle, including Charlie's mother's, to prevent the Yankees from getting them.

Mother successfully begged to be allowed to keep "Old Browny", their cow, as she was the main source of their food. After the war the neighbors journeyed to the range and retrieved the cattle, including twenty head belonging to Charlie's mother, which had gone wild in the interval. It took about three months to gather all the cattle; they were spread over such a large area.

That fall, Charlie's mother, who must have had a rough time of it trying to run the ranch and feed Charlie and his sister, married a man named Carrier, whom Charlie described with much distaste as a Yankee. Carrier claimed to own a big farm in Michigan and persuaded Mrs. Siringo to sell out, lock, stock and barrel, and settle with him there. The disparity in money value between that time and this is brought home to us as Charlie tells us that Mother's ranch, one hundred and seventy-five acres, brought just one hundred and seventy-five dollars; the sixty head of cattle (the herd had naturally increased) went for one dollar a head.

The little family, with their new Daddy, took a steamer to New Orleans. Unfortunately this steamer possessed a barroom, and Daddy Carrier, after wheedling the money from Mother, spent his time drinking whisky and

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Charles Siringo, the literary Texas Cowboy who wrote numerous books about his life on the range.

gambling — to such an extent that he spent every cent realized from the sale of the ranch. Mother had to dig down into an emergency fund to pay for their tickets on another steamer to St. Louis. This steamer, sad to say, also had a barroom, and Daddy Carrier (who must have been most persuasive) succeeded in talking the balance of the money from Mother, where it quickly went the way of the previous funds.

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The little family consequently landed in St. Louis without a cent. Mother had to pawn her feather mattress and pillows for a month's rent in an old dilapidated building on one of the back streets. Daddy Carrier, big head and all, must have felt the stirrings of responsibility, for he went out and secured a job shoveling coal for a dollar a day, respectable pay for those times. For a while he brought home the dollar every night; then a half-dollar; then a quarter; then just his charming, bibulous self. Shortly thereafter he disappeared. As Charlie put it, "he pulled his trifling carcass for parts unknown." Rough times moved in with Charlie, mother and sister. There was no food nor fuel, but a charitable Jewish neighbor, Mr. Socks, came with bread, butter and coal.

Charlie now took over as breadwinner. His first job was shoveling snow for a lady. It took him an hour and he was overwhelmed when she paid him a quarter. She was pleased with his work and employed him for a few days after that, shoveling coal in her cellar. Charlie said he would never forget her for her generosity (a quarter bought a lot those days), just as he would never forget a "fat, stingy man" who, after Charlie had shoveled for over two hours, gave him a dime and complained bitterly about the high cost of labor.

Things weren't going to bad when Daddy Carrier struck again. He sent a letter enclosing ten dollars and asked them to join him in Lebanon, Ill. where he had a job; so off they went. The job Daddy had was chopping cord wood for a rancher named Moore. The family was provided a draughty, ill-built, leaky old log cabin to live in, and the rancher, Mr. Moore, who was not what we would call open-handed, gave them old salt pork that he could not find a market for. This, with black coffee and corn bread, was what they lived on. Still, it was better than starving, but even this half-security didn't last. The first Saturday after settling, Daddy Carrier went into town and got roaring drunk.

He liked it so much that he did it continually from then on, squandering every cent he made. After a while he was in town more than in the woods doing his job, so Charlie again became the breadwinner, going to the woods in his stead, chopping all day long for eight dollars a month. It was winter and it must have been difficult. Charlie was never one to complain too much, but even he mentions the fact that he "had no gloves" and was not clothed for the weather.

Toward spring, even the neighbors had enough of Daddy Carrier who, Charlie said, had become "even more mean and good-for-nothing", so they held an impromptu meeting, with Daddy as the guest of honor. He was told to be gone by morning or they would decorate the nearest tree with him. He took the hint and disappeared from Charlie's life, probably to die in some gutter.

Mother and sister went to St. Louis where they thought wages would be higher. Charlie stayed with Moore, chopping wood for some months, then left in the hope of bettering his situation. Even though he had been long gone, Daddy Carrier struck again. When Charlie went to be paid off by Mr. Moore, he received ninety cents instead of the thirty-odd dollars he had figured was due him. The rest was owed to Moore by Daddy.

From then on, Charlie went from one dreary job to another. He was a bellhop; he was a carpenter's helper; he was a half-pint roustabout on a steamboat; he was "adopted" by a childless couple named Myers and sent to school. There he was restive under the unaccustomed discipline, and during a fight with the school bully, he stabbed him in the leg. Unhappy, he left school and stowed aboard a steamer bound for home: Texas.

Back in Matagorda, Charlie secured a job with a farmer-preacher. His wages were part of the crop. Charlie said the farm was a "sand-patch" and produced a scanty supply of truck vegetables; however, the preacher owned three excellent 'coon hounds, and Charlie was reasonably well-fed on raccoon and 'possum meat. Tiring of farming (or was it the meat?), Charlie went to town and there started his life long career as a cowboy. A rancher was there for the purpose of hiring hands, and Charlie was hired. The ranch was "Rancho Grande," owned by one Shanghai Pierce and Allen, and was reputed to be one of the largest in the entire state. As an example of its size, Charlie gives figures of twenty-five thousand calves branded in one season, Charlie doing his share.

Immediately after being hired, Charlie drew and blew two months wages on an outfit, complete with spurs, etc. He said he finally felt like a real cowboy. The first big job consisted of a two-month trip into the hinterland, rounding up scattered herds, branding calves, and trailing the entire bunch back. The working party consisted of fifteen men, one hundred head of ponies (mostly wild, Charlie said), and a chuck wagon loaded down with coffee, flour, molasses and salt.

The work was steady, and hard. Some days they branded as many as three or four hundred calves, none under two years old. It was an excellent school for one who wanted to be a cowboy as almost every phase of the cowboy art was practiced, including breaking in the wild ponies. Most of the steers were longhorns, seldom seen nowadays, and much more difficult to handle than today's Herefords.

Charlie's boss was stern, but since Charlie was working at what he finally liked, he seems to have accepted the discipline as part of the job. It didn't cut down on his rambunctiousness. He reports knocking a man out with a club (for which he was punished) and cutting another antagonist with a knife (for which he was also punished; "laid out", is the way he put it).

A bad, cold, sleety winter set in and "cattle died like flies." Charlie turned the tradegy into a good thing, personally. He formed a partnership with another youngster and they busied and enriched themselves skinning unbranded calves (mavericks), being careful to brand them first with their own (not the ranch's) brand. Charlie said that so many cattle died that winter that a man could walk for a mile on the carcasses without touching foot to ground.

The first shipment of hides brought Charlie one hundred and fourteen dollars — more money than he had ever had at one time — and the next shipment brought even more. Charlie admittedly was a poor hand at holding on to money. He went to town at the first opportunity and purchased a twenty-seven-dollar saddle. It's nice to report also that he sent his mother in St. Louis twenty dollars. He also bought five head of horses and tried his hand at trading, at which, he confesses, he "didn't do too well."

He put in the following winter skinning mavericks and selling the hides, at which he made considerable money, but he had a fatal fascination for the game of "monte" at which he blew most of it.

He changed jobs frequently, being recognized as a top hand by now, looking for more money. He was a frequent traveler on the Chisholm Trail and tells of the excitement and fright of stampedes, the misery of rain-and snow-soaked nights, and the soothing influence of lullabies on the

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restive steers.

Restless as always, Charlie was always on the lookout for new and better ways to make money. He had tried horse-trading on a fairly large scale, which didn't work out to his satisfaction, so now he thought he'd go into the boating business on the Colorado River which ran through the area. A local citizen had purchased a boat for pleasure purposes for one hundred dollars, then found that he could not afford the hobby and was willing to sell it for forty dollars. He had an alternative price: he would accept a gentle horse plus a small cash payment.

He stressed that the horse must be gentle. Charlie had a friend in town who reluctantly owned a splendid-looking gray and who was trying to get rid of him. It seems this fine animal would proceed for a mile or so in great form, then pull up lame in both front legs. Charlie bought him for a nominal sum, then took him to the ranch of the boatowner. He arrived there just about sundown and craftily waited in the sage brush until darkness set in, then summoned the boatowner out to inspect the gallant gray.

In the darkness, with only the light of a lantern to inspect by, the horse was accepted (not having traveled enough to bring on the lameness), and Charlie was the owner of a boat.

Charlie, in telling about it later, said, "Now, you no doubt think that a shabby trick; if so, all I can say is, such is life in the far West." Charlie could be rather callous at times. The unfortunate buyer later started on a forty-mile journey with the gray and had to finish on foot. Still, some modern automobile dealers are as shifty as Charlie was in that instance.

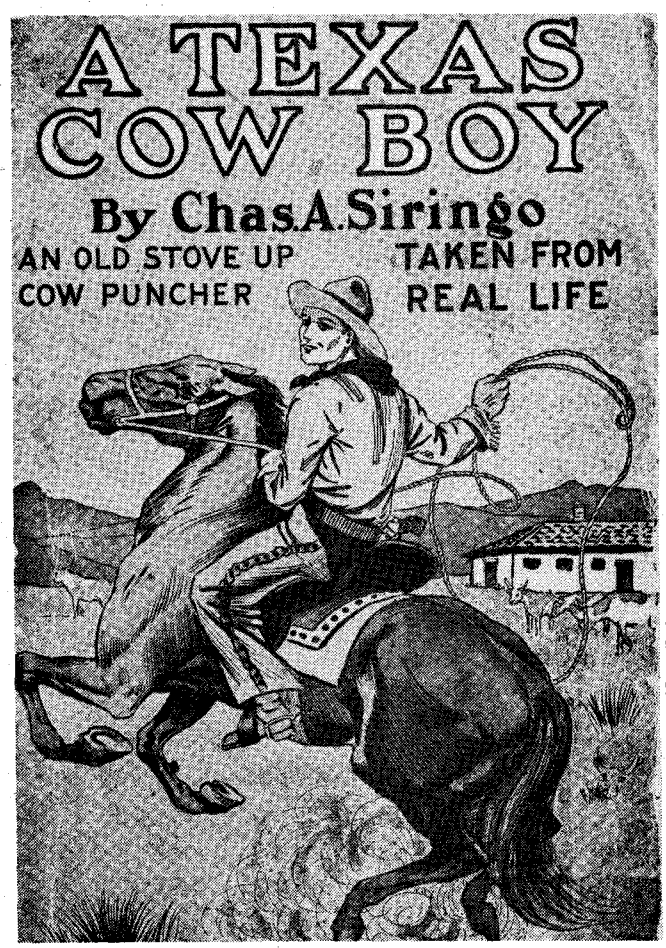
Charlie would go up river with his boat, purchase a load of melons (he didn't say what kind) for from two-and-a-half cents to five cents each, then sail back up to town where he would sell them for seventy-five, fifty or twenty-five cents each. After awhile he took on some freight, and even a few passengers at two dollars and fifty cents each. He made quite a bit of money, and with more industry and persistence he might have accumulated a respectable sum, but alas, he tells us, he was unable to resist the siren call of the monte game and dropped most of it.

Another scheme involving boating was to travel the river and trade whisky, tobacco and sundries with the Negroes who were accessible from the many inlets for oysters which Charlie planned to sell in town for one dollar a barrel. Unfortunately, he hired an Irishman, Big Jack, for a helper, and during Charlie's absence Big Jack consumed all the whisky, or enough of it to put him in a larcenous mood, sold all the stock and decamped, leaving Charlie bankrupt. That ended the mariner phase of Charlie's career.

It was back to the range for Charlie. During this phase of his life, he was really what they call a "tramp cowboy", moving from outfit to outfit and job to job, up and down the Chisholm Trail, herding, trailing, roping, branding, into various towns after months on the trail to whoop it up — he mentions that at this time he ended up "whole", but with two bullet holes in his body. He neglects to tell us the details; bad whisky and quick tempers presumably.

Once, having crossed the Cimarron about six days out of Dodge, Charlie and his group came in sight of a large herd of buffalo, and Charlie decided to kill one. He dashed off in pursuit, forgetting that he had left his rifle and pistols in the wagon. After an hour or so, he came close to the tail

(continued on page 56)



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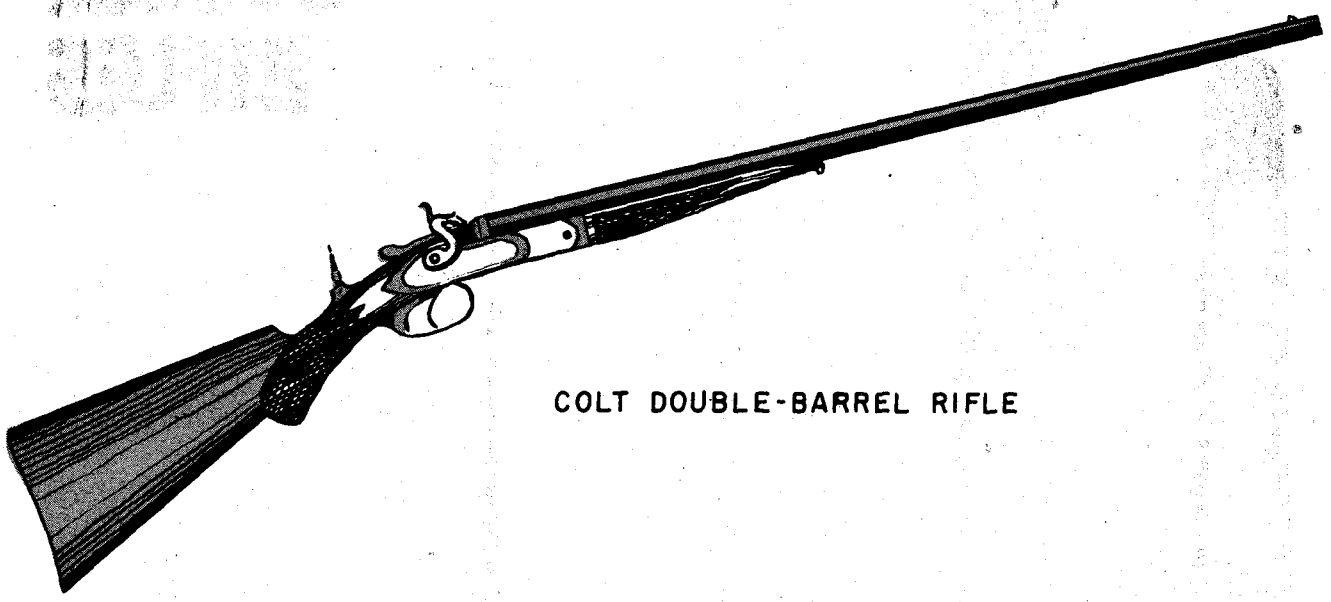
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



COLT DOUBLE-BARREL RIFLE

There is one type of rifle which this department has never discussed but which had a unique place in the history of the early West.

At the peak of the buffalo slaughter, particularly, it became the fad for sportsmen from the East and from Europe to visit our western frontier. The hunting then was like nothing else they had encountered, with the vast rolling herds of bison, plus elk, grizzly and much other game.

For these larger animals, the hunters needed much more power than was available from the earlier repeating rifles. Also, as the game was rapidly thinning out, the average distance of a shot increased. For these longer ranges, the big single-shot buffalo rifles were in great favor.

The European sportsmen, however, introduced something new to the western scene. With them they brought the super-powered double rifles which they were accustomed to using in India and Africa. These resembled a side-by-side double barreled shotgun but were much heavier built and always of superlative quality. Almost invariably custom-made in England, Ireland or Germany, they provided an immediate second shot on a charging animal with all the smashing power of a single-shot Sharps or Remington rolling block, for example.

Just as with rhino hunting on an African safari, the theory was that if you could not drop him with two shots, you were dead anyway.

It was not long before Colt got the message. This company produced a limited number of American-made double rifles that were as fine as the most expensive European ones.

These are now rated among the best arms ever produced by Colt, and it is strange that so little has been written about them since the end of that era.

They, too, were custom-made rifles. The Colts were examples of the highest degree of craftsmanship — light, beautifully balanced and fast-handling. Appearances were deceptive, for they were the most powerful arms Colt had ever made and adequate for any game in the world.

While some of the foreign doubles have been chambered for such bone-crushers as the .600 Express cartridge, the Colt company favored our popular .45 caliber. Their doubles were availably chambered for our military .45-70 cartridge, .45-85, .45-90 and .45-100. By American stan-

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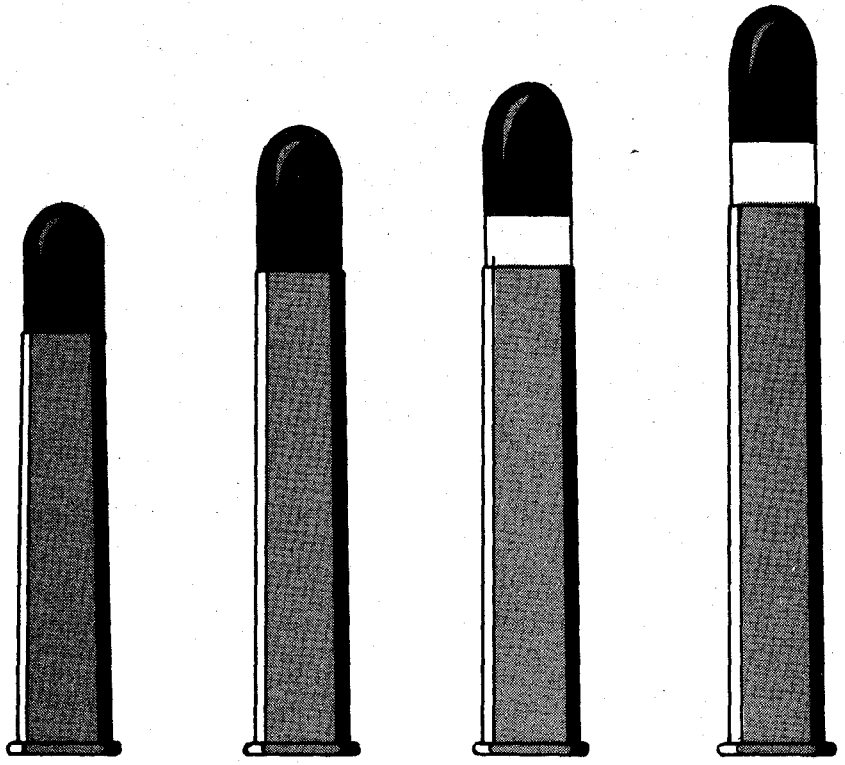
COLT DOUBLE RIFLES



Sketched by author

dards, this was getting fairly massive. The last named had a soft lead bullet of over 500 grains, a case 2 6/10 inches long and used 100 grains of black powder! Not exactly a rifle for plinking at beer cans.

One leading authority estimates that not more than thirty-five of these Colt double rifles were ever made. The majority of those in prominent collections have serial numbers under 30. Although there are reports of the existence of several Colt double rifles which are hammerless, all of those ever seen by the author had exposed side hammers.

They opened with a top lever just as a conventional shotgun does, but the breeches were especially reinforced. Most had adjustable sights, sometimes being mounted on the tang. Being custom-made, no two have ever been found to be exactly alike.

Today an original Colt double rifle is one of the rarest guns ever made, and they are eagerly sought by collectors. Of more interest here is the fact that they represent a brief period of western history of which so little is known.

One of the most famous hunters of that general era was Sir St. George Gore, who spent three solid years in our West, hunting big game. The wealthy Englishman covered 7,000 miles, most of the time in areas that were largely unexplored. He had with him a big party of servants and assistants — skinners, loaders, taxidermists and body servants. In some 30 horse-drawn vehicles, the expedition moved like a small army. Using his 100 guns (70 rifles and 30 shotguns and handguns), Gore shot every type of game in fantastic quantities. If his sportsmanship would be questioned today, at least he must have been a rugged individual to fire as many as a thousand shots in a single day.

A bit later and more palatable was the hunting trip of Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. The Duke's party was guided by "Buffalo Bill" Cody and several other famed frontier scouts of that day. Alexis was a serious sportsman who generally shot only what the party could use. His trip also was one of business, as it led to some firearm contracts between his government and American arms manufacturers.

Both of these foreign sportsmen were representative of an era in western history — a period marked by the use of the most powerful shoulder arms this civilization will ever see.

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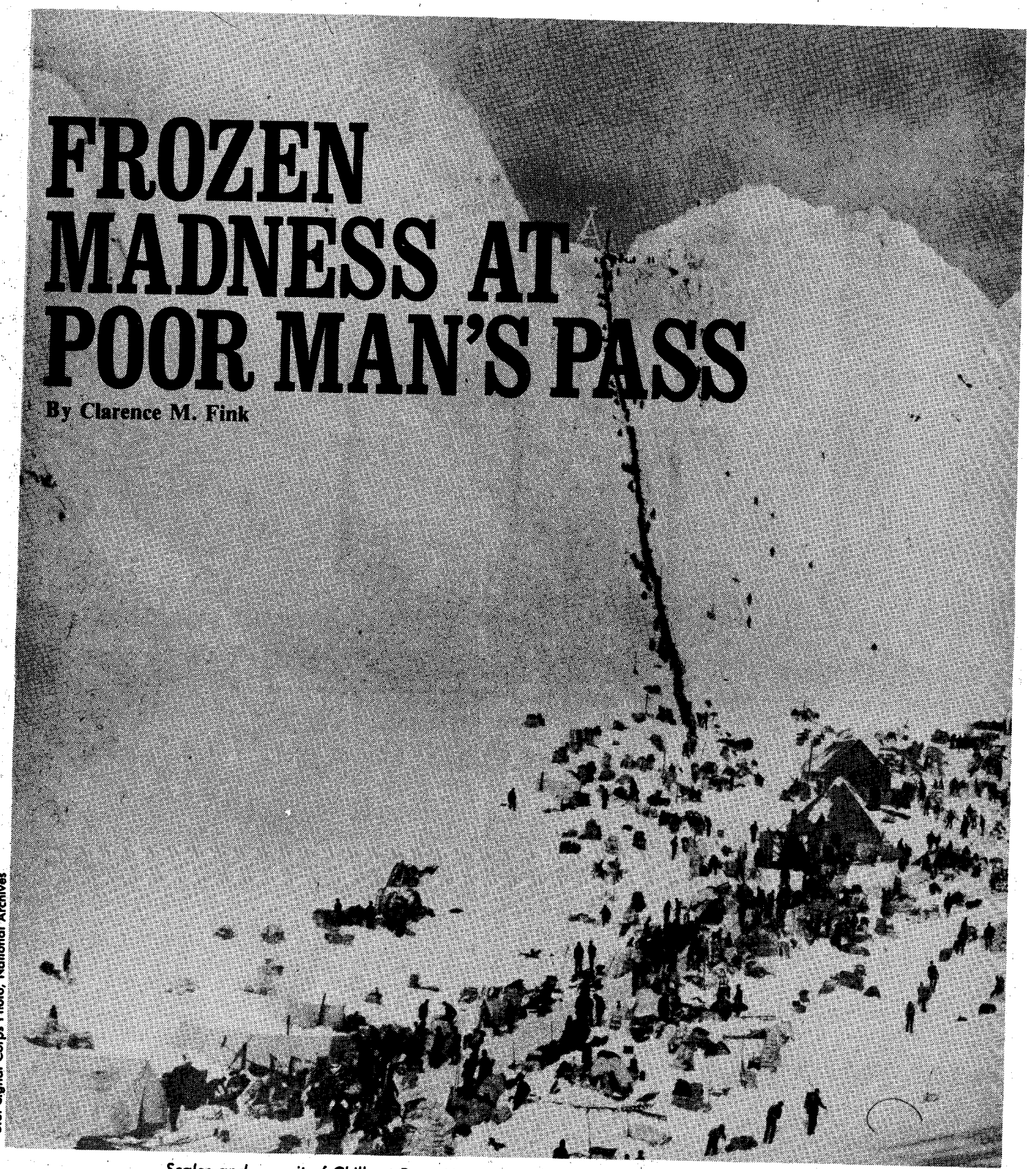
FROZEN MADNESS AT POOR MAN'S PASS

By Clarence M. Fink



U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives

Scales and summit of Chilkoot Pass. Many klondikers never made it to the top.

It all happened when an American vessel, loaded with a ton and a half of Yukon gold, sailed into Seattle harbor in 1897 and triggered one of the most ill-prepared and tragic gold hunts in the history of our nation.

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When the news dispatches and communications reached the States, this sad melodrama of the Klondike commenced when uncontrollable excitement seized the minds of a quarter of a million Americans of all types. Like previous gold strikes, it was the general belief of the majority that this rich stuff might be had by merely picking it up.

This accepted fallacy did nothing to prepare the inexperienced, the weak and the ignorant for the physical efforts and mental sufferings of the greatest intensity. The accepted belief of necessary equipment for everyone consisted of a sixgun, a shotgun, fishing tackle, and a few extra items of warm clothing. Many unfortunate gold hunters discovered too late the real things necessary to exist in severe, icy temperatures.

The jump-off port for the rigorous Klondike and Alaskan gold fields was Seattle, which took advantage of the masses of humanity that poured into it. Seattle merchants disposed of all kinds of outlandish goods to ignorant and treasure-hunting greenhorns, and the citizens charged outlandish prices for rentals in livery stables and such places for those waiting for transportation to the north. Worthless gadgets and ridiculous items were foisted on the unwary, including fake devices guaranteed to uncover the richest pockets of gold.

It seems that when gold fever takes possession of the mind, intelligent people are quickly deprived of good sense and sane judgment. Very few of the thousands who crowded the Klondike region realized the hard row each would have to hoe to reach the gold fields, but up against it they came in the harsh reality of Chilkoot Pass, where the suffering of the gold seekers was heart-rending.

Talbert MacNab, a Canadian Scotsman, had never seen a more miserable set of wretches who were engaged in a lock step up a slippery thirty-percent grade. In some bad places the climbers were on their hands and knees, clinging for dear life to retain their positions which, if lost, would take almost a day to regain. This whole crawl for riches was an unholy pilgrimage from start to finish. MacNab knew that it could take an average gold hunter six hours to navigate upwards a thousand feet with a 60-pound pack.

It was not uncommon for him to have to remove a frozen corpse ahead before he could continue his grueling progress. Conditions were extremely brutal to the men, women and boys who endured as best they could with their complete ignorance of how to survive in this cruel, icy frontier.

Fortunately for some, makeshift and flimsy shacks were set up along a few flat spaces by industrious and hardy would-be food entrepreneurs who offered the bone-weary, filthy, and stinking trail sloggers a meal of beans and bacon for $5. To those too tired to cook and paralyzed with fatigue, these eating spots were a godsend, but they were too few and far between to help the majority of people. All in all, it was a dark ribbon of moving humanity that graced the narrow white surfaces of Chilkoot and White passes. Both were terrible torture. The piercing cold and sudden mountain-like snowslides took an immense toll of lives.

On April 27, 1898 seventy helpless gold hunters were quickly erased from the living in a sudden and unexpected avalanche. The man ahead of Talbert MacNab was unshaven, dirty, gaunt and grim, and the rugged Canadian saw him slip and accidentally plunge his right hand into a pool of freezing water under the snow to steady himself. That unfortunate move cost the sturdy climber four of his five fingers that had become completely frozen and had to be amputated.

Many of thosse close to MacNab were suffering from frostbite, some to the point that whole limbs had frozen solid. Numerous people moved as though in a dream, and some lost their self-control. The Scotsman knew that only constant exercise kept life in the body. Having spent a half-dozen winters in this territory, he was readily aware of the freezing point of the various liquids. Kerosene, he knew, froze at 35 degrees below, and St. Jacob's oil at 75 below. Cooking at 60 below was difficult. Take rice for instance: It would burn at the bottom of the container yet remain raw at the top. Mosquitoes in the summer constantly feasted on all humans.

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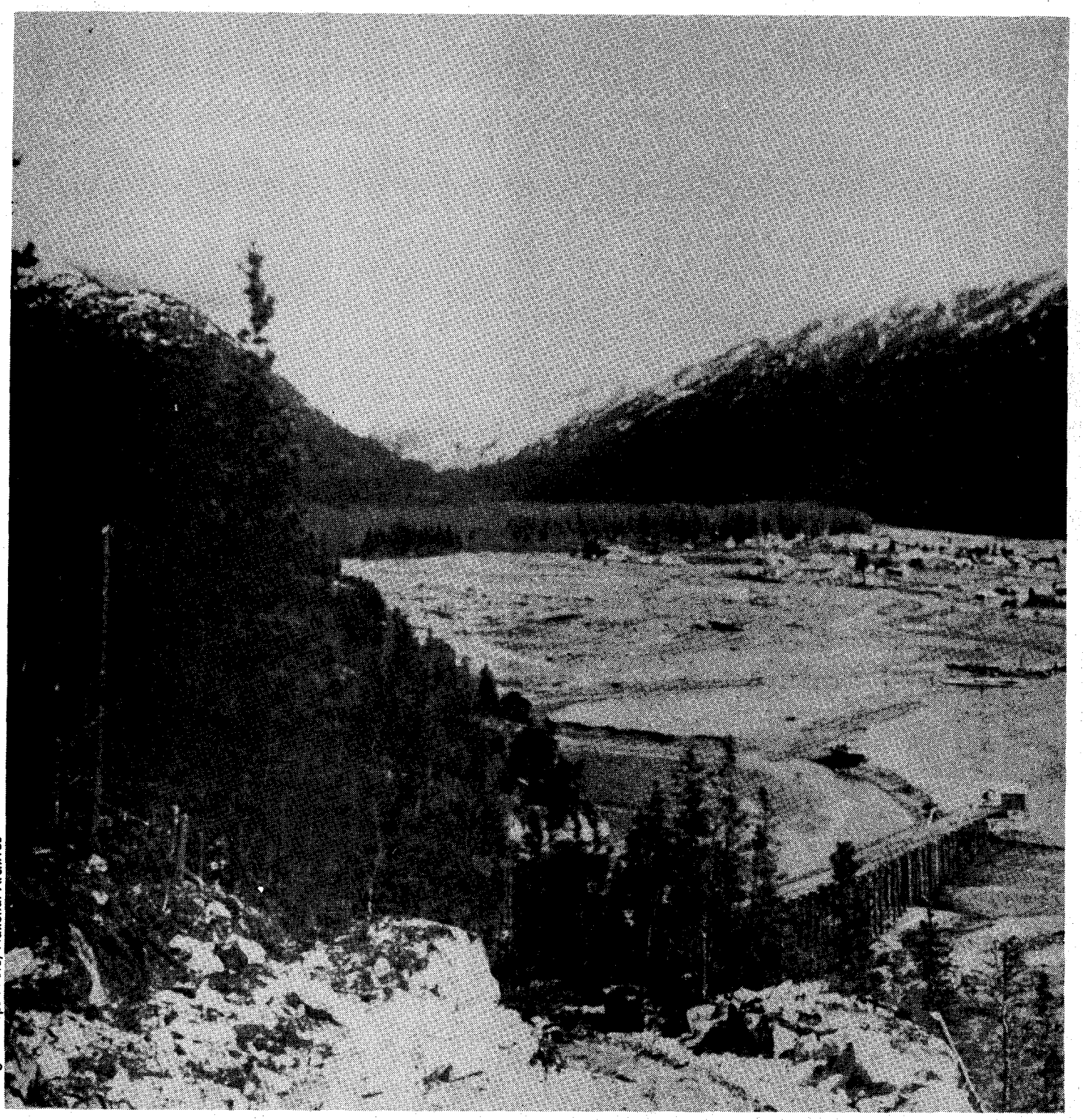

U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives

Dyea City at the head of Lynn Canal, looking from the road leading from the wharf.

The Chilkoot was dubbed "Poor Man's Pass" due to the poor quality of the gold seekers that used it. Few of the new sourdoughs had any decent equipment, some not at all, and most of them could not afford to purchase horses, dogs, or hire Indian packers to aid them to their destinations. For the first few miles out of Dyea, the early part of the trail was littered with abandoned trunks of many types and bulging bags loaded with all kinds of unnecessary items such as rubber boots, picture frames, cheap jewelry, croquet games, etc.

The whole Chilkoot Pass consisted of a series of ice levels or shelves. In the warm season of the year it possessed dangerous amounts of granite and shale which caused it to be as slippery as though it was covered with a frozen surface. Falls were frequent, and broken bones were the penalty of vigorous and uncautious travel. There was a place in the Chilkoot where the horses carrying equipment and goods could not go beyond, and that was the Scales. It was here that the human packers took over.

The Chilkoot glacier also presented a difficult task for animals. Canines had to be carried bodily by their owners, and the horses were forced to wear blindfolds. Pack animals were sold for at least $600 each. Lovers of horses will shudder at the ill-treatment these four-legged beasts endured. Besides suffering

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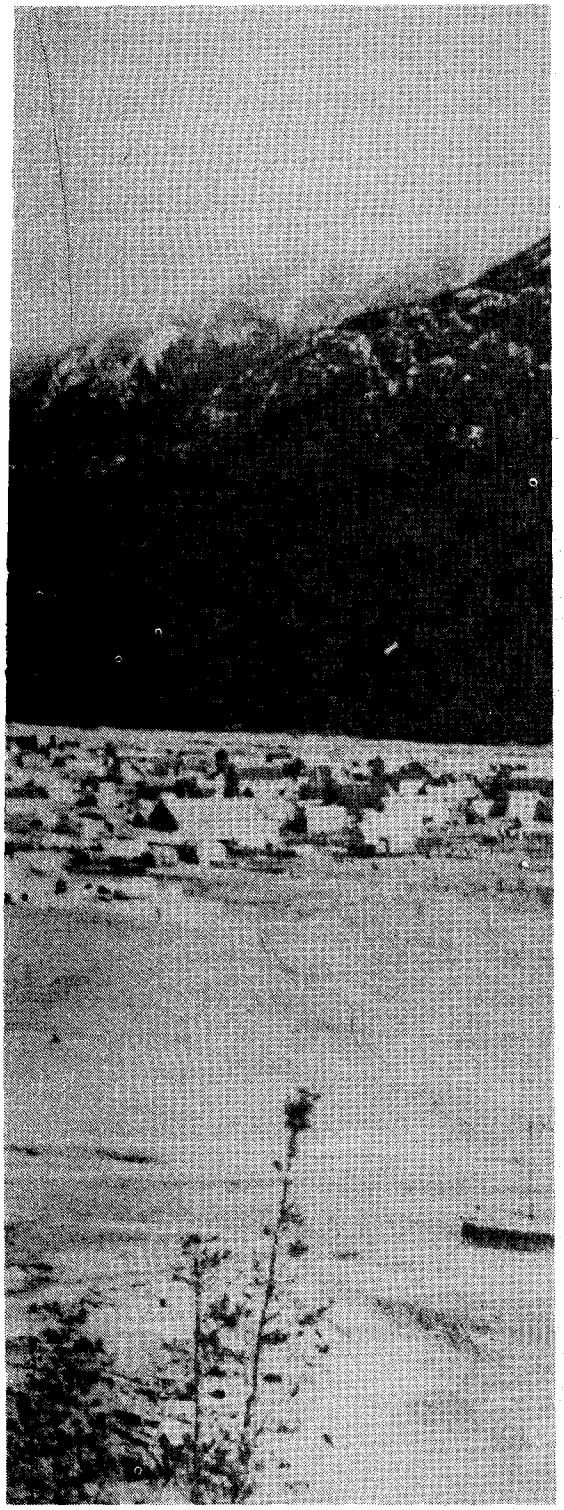

from the lack of care and immense cruelty by their owners, these dumb brutes were left to expire in helpless condition along the frozen thoroughfare. Thousands died or were killed on White Pass alone.

The many mudholes during the thaw were so deep in places that horses could and did sink out of sight. Those deeply mired but still living were deliberately left to a terrible and brutal death by callous-minded klondikers. Dogs were a different matter. These animals were the recipients of more consideration and received a great deal of kindness, being accepted as companions. They were trained and understood the word "Mush!" taken from the French *marchez* meaning "to move on."

Despite the numerous hardships, the gold hunters didn't forget to celebrate July 4th of 1897. Some of the miners had even packed packages of firecrackers and fireworks with them for such an occasion. Others fired their heavy weapons, and the explosions were loud and clear and echoed and re-echoed through the canyons. All this clatter and commotion had an adverse reaction on the dogs who had never heard such long and intense sounds before. Thoroughly frightened, scores of these loose and unharnessed sleigh-pulling dogs leaped into the cold river and swam to an unoccupied island about five miles distant. Ever afterwards the place was referred to as Dog Island.

The suffering, strain, worry and privation for most went for naught, for the odds were stacked against them from the very beginning. For many the weary progress ended in a complete collapse, for it was the slow, staggering climbers who set the pace. For the fortunate ones that made it, it took an exhaustive struggle of three long months to get their heavy baggage over the fearsome trails. Yet of the small ten percent who triumphed over the bitter cold, starvation, symptoms of lunacy, and who survived the white-clad hell in frail shelters, very few of them struck it rich.

Robert Service, Bard of the Yukon, left some fine literary nuggets for historians when he wrote "The Trail of Ninety-Eight" and "The Spell of the Yukon." Service set down the atmosphere of the times with his immortal lines about a vanished way of life:

"I wanted the gold, and I sought it;
I scrambled and mucked like a slave.
Was it famine or scurvy — I fought it;
I hurled my youth into a grave.
I wanted the gold, and I got it —
Came out with a fortune last fall
—
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
And somehow the gold isn't all."

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE

A Klondiker's Sourdough Diary, by Turnbull Canute, Juneau 1899. and others.

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SHAKESPEARE

(continued from page 13)

quarters, and here many decisive meetings were held, no doubt because of the furious "likker" that was as handy as the purse. Within the Roxy Jay the fate of many men was determined, many of whom went to a needless death, because Shakespeare became known as "the hanging town."

A congenial man by the name of Beanbelly, historians say, managed the Stratford Hotel. Everybody liked Beanbelly. One morning, the proprietor came into the dining room, sat down at his favorite table, and ordered a breakfast of eggs. He was told there were no eggs, the supply had not yet arrived.

A short time later, Ross Woods, manager of the National Mail and Stagecoach Transportation Company, sat down at a table near Beanbelly. He, too, ordered eggs. Soon the Woods platter was politely placed before him. *And it was a platter of eggs!*

Beanbelly saw this. He rose from his chair and approached Woods. A few hostile words followed, which accomplished nothing. Then Beanbelly whirled and went upstairs. Shortly he returned with a blazing sixgun in his hand.

Woods toppled from his chair and in due time became the first boothill occupant. Beanbelly, as soon as the body was carried away by the dining-hall help, sat down in the Woods chair and ate the eggs, as the story goes.

Several fancy girls were employed to work in the Roxy Jay Bar and the six other saloons. But after work hours, these girls returned to Lordsburg, about two and a half miles to the north, for the promiscuous rendezvous they had arranged during the evening sojourn at the Shakespeare bars. As stated before, whores were not allowed to spend a night in Shakespeare, something unusual in the saga of boom towns.

The Boyle boom turned out to be a boom of the outlaws, despite the prostitute curfew and the Vigilante Committee. Among the best known were Jim Hughes, Zwing Hunt, and Doc Neal, who had also participated in the Monterrey Mint holdup. The nefarious individuals rampaged between Silver City and Tombstone and all other points within horseback distance.

Some of the outlaws were shot to death during violent street fights. Others vanished, goodness knows where! Zwing Hunt was killed by raiding Apaches and scalped, while trying to outrun the vigilantes.

Johnny Ringo, one of the most mysterious of all Old West characters, cut a scope in Shakespeare; some said he was a member of the Curly Bill gang. And there are documents proving that he was engaged in Shakespeare mining projects.

Russian Bill and Sandy King, already mentioned, had heydays in the camp. Russian Bill's hanging for stealing a horse was said to have been the only known crime the man committed other than the Mexico mint robbery. He always wore fancy hand-tooled boots, and it has been said that one of the men who helped cut Russian Bill down stripped the body of the practically new boots and wore them as he assisted in carrying the body to boothill.

Not long after Russian Bill shook hands with the Grim Reaper at the end of a rope, relatives in the homeland started a search for him, learning, of course, what had happened to the Shakespeare boomer.

Black Jack Ketchum is said to have gone into hiding in an old Shakespeare mine shaft for a length of time during the heyday of his train-robbing career.

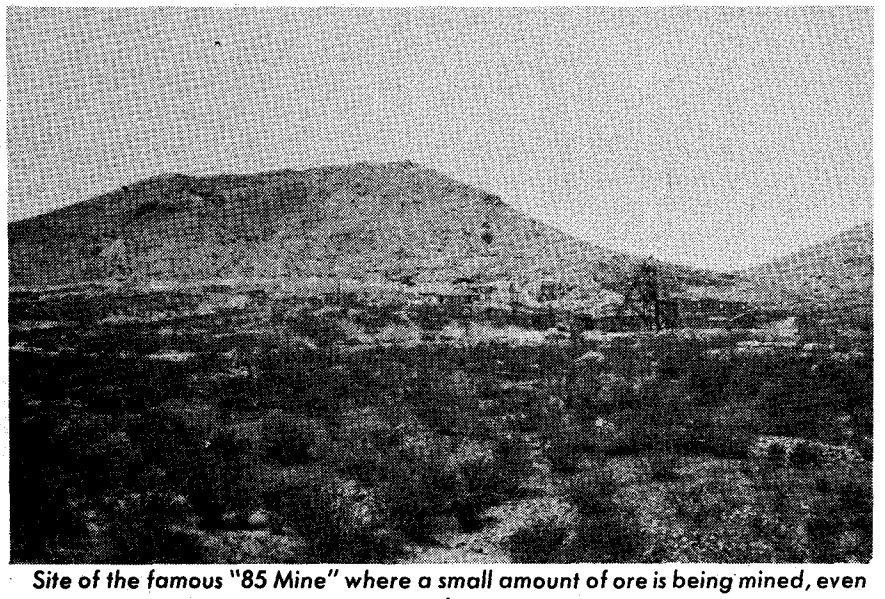
And Pancho Villa, after the Boyle boom, raced his raiders through the Shakespeare area, stealing horses and looting the country.

The outlaws came and they went, like all other feverish souls until the boom-town cycle ran its course. And the town lapsed into a ghost-town status. Census reports of the day and time prove the outlaws' presence in Shakespeare.

Along in 1934, during the fury of the Great Depression, Frank Hill and his wife, with a feeling of warmth for the town's remains, included the ghost in their ranch operations.

The two moved into the old general-store building and called it their abode; they began preservation work in their spare time. Due to these valiant efforts, a pattern of the frontier mine camp activity may be reviewed today in its original state, rather than as a restoration.

The ghost town is privately owned and presently managed by the owners, Mrs. Rita Hill, and her daughter, Janaloo. The water hole, the cause of Mexican Springs, ultimately Shakespeare, has vanished, almost a myth. And the scars are many, which prove what man's booming labors can do! ● **RW**



Site of the famous "85 Mine" where a small amount of ore is being mined, even today.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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The Shakespeare Story, by F. Stanley, 1961.

Then and Now — Here and Around — Shakespeare, by Ritha Hill, 1963.

Albuquerque Public Library clipping file on Ghost Town Shakespeare.

Field research with interviews with Rita Hill and Shakespeare region residents.

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PARIS OF THE PACIFIC

"The Wickedest Town On Earth!"

By Clarence M. Fink

In 1849-50 at least six countries had dumped their worst criminals on the port of San Francisco. Odious characters and every kind of hostile undesirables roamed its streets at will, and it took sheer courage and pure luck on the part of honest men and women to traverse its by-ways without harm.

Bloodthirsty, troublesome and detestable, these ruffians, which numbered murderers, arsons, pickpockets, burglars and common thieves among their godless total, burned and smashed tents, killed or maimed strangers and citizens alike, and did a lot of hell-raising, constantly ripping skirts off of women, with no fear of retaliation by any law enforcing agency.

Bayard Taylor, the writer, said of San Francisco: "The greatest things to be feared are their fleas and criminals!" Of all the ruffians dumped on the Bay City, none were worse than two organized gangs known as the "Hounds" and the "Sydney Ducks".

Brass knuckles and slingshots backed up their demands from merchants and bartenders for whiskey, and these entrepreneurs would quickly accede to their treatening requests to save themselves from gang brutality. The Hounds swaggered about the streets and pushed people off sidewalks, yet they believed they were God's gift to humanity and a true America.

Discharged members of the New York Volunteers under Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson were sent around the Horn to help Kearny's force during wartime, but they arrived too late. All of them, a very tough collection of bullies, were scraped from the New York jails. Most of them went to the mines immediately upon arrival in California, but they returned quickly when they found gold hunting to be difficult and hard work.

Cargoes of women from France, listed as industrious female workers, turned out to be common prostitutes whose sleazy appearance was overcome with fancy clothes. But despite the back-street rowdies ever present, these women were treated much better in San Francisco than in Paris and became pampered darlings of the crime makers.

These Hounds bragged of being anti-Catholic and spread scurrilous stories about priests and nuns. The worst of the many felonious groups were the Sydney Ducks. They were firebugs of the worst kind. These arsonists ignited houses to create diversions for better looting of the premises. Murder was common practice to them, and the Chinese were objects of their degradation when they lacked other victims. The Mexican nationals suffered along with the Orientals but usually in silence, so great was their fear of the Ducks.

The town quickly became known as the noisiest one on the Pacific Coast, where life became the cheapest commodity and where crime was practiced religiously with no holds barred. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: *The Bay City* by L. T. Leecup, N. Y. 1928.

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PHANTOM CAMP

(continued from page 33)

Still they did not speak to one another, and by a general but unconscious movement they had all arisen from their seats and stood gazing at the camp opposite them. And now a strange thing was observed. Though it was so dark all around their own fire that a man who withdrew two yards from it vanished, every movement of those in the new camp could be perceived quite clearly. As the action proceeded in fact, it almost appeared as though this singular camp had an atmosphere of its own-a lurid kind of atmosphere, which invested everything with a subdued glare. But if this was noticed, it was not commented upon. The spectators were too deeply engrossed to exchange remarks, and it was afterward recalled that during the whole of what followed, no word was spoken in Benton Jones' camp.

What they now saw was this: Two men approached one another by the fire and evidently talked for some moments. Then one picked up a shotgun and the other an ax, and they walked away to where the stock were gathered. Now these men should have disappeared as they receded from the firelight; but to the surprise of the observers, they remained in full view. It might almost be said that they carried there own light with them, for a faint, bluish luminosity outlined their forms. As they drew near the rocky wall of the plateau, the man with the gun stooped low, as if examining something. As he did so, the man with the ax stepped behind him, swung his weapon high, and in the next moment all could hear the peculiar sickening crash of steel against flesh and bone. They were witnessing a murder, and yet no impulse to rush forward and prevent or avenge it fell upon them. A shudder passed through them, and they stood motionless and silent as before.

While they watched, a second man with an ax crept out of the brushwood near where the man with the gun had fallen and struck the prostrate form another heavy blow. Then the two assassins, moving softly, entered one of the tents. As they did so, the walls of the tent became, in some unaccountable way, transparent, for two sleeping figures could be seen upon the ground inside. The intruders took their stations, one by each of the sleepers, raised their axes, and two smashing sounds announced the success of their dreadful work. They proceeded to the other tent inside of which could now be seen yet two more sleepers. These were also to be killed, but an ax slipped, and one awoke with a scream of pain and terror upon which the bungling murderer dropped his ax, drew his pistol, and shot his victim and the fifth man who, aroused by his companion's cry, had tried to rise.

The curious unnatural light continued to expose every movement of the murderers; by this time it was evident there were four, though only three took an active part in the assassinations, and the fourth seemed greatly agitated and much in fear of his bolder companions. All the intended victims in the doomed camp having been thus killed, the criminals dragged the bodies together, stripped them carefully of whatever might aid in identification, and then, rolling them in gunny sacks and pieces of canvas, carried them, one by one, to the precipitous side of the plateau and threw them over the edge. The murderers then built a huge fire and into it they piled all evidence of their crime.

The tents, the clothing of the victims, their saddles, harness, and equipment of every kind were burned; so careful were the operators that they raked the ashes for every scrap of metal, put all these relics into a bag and hid the receptacle under a log on the mountainside far from the camp. In all they did, however, their every movement could be followed by those who were watching them; and in the precise and mechanical way in which every detail was gone through, perhaps more sophisticated observers would have been struck with the strange suggestion of a stage representation by actors who had so often repeated the same piece as to perform it almost unconsciously.

How long this weird spectacle continued, neither Benton Jones nor his companion could ever determine, for it ended, so far as they were concerned, in as singular a manner as it had begun. At one moment they saw before them the huge fire, canopied with clouds of black smoke and the sharply outlined dark figures of the murderers flitting about it, throwing on fresh fuel and thrusting into the heart of the blaze the various articles they were bent upon destroying. Suddenly the scene vanished. The pitch-black night closed in upon them all round as if a heavy curtain had been drawn, and simultaneously a sense of exhaustion and an overpowering drowsiness caused them to drop where they had been standing and to sink into a profound, dreamless sleep. Benton Jones was the first to awake as he then thought; but to his surprise, the sun was already two hours high, the day was bright and clear, and the campfire, which had burned down when he last noticed it, had been freshly made up. Rubbing his still heavy eyelids, he looked around, and then perceived that only his own tent was standing.

He aroused his men, and investigation at once showed that the three miners were gone. They had struck their tent, packed their mules, made up the fire, perhaps cooked their breakfast, and then silently and secretly taken themsleves away. This event would have been puzzling enough had not the memory of the past night overshadowed all minor incidents. Of the second camp, whose terrible drama they had witnessed so vividly, not a vestige or token could be seen. The snow lay over the whole plateau some two inches deep, and save where Jones' own stock had trodden, the surface was still smooth.

Not an indication was to be seen of any human presence other than their own. No dark patch on the unsullied covering of the earth marked the site of the great fire or the position of the two tents. No stain on rock or shrub chronicled the awful crimes which had been committed under their eyes but a few hours before. Strange as all this was, however, it did not greatly impress the men, for they had sensed from the beginning that what they had seen was in some way out of the common order, and nothing showed this more clearly than the absence of any disposition among them to interfere in the tragedy while it was being enacted.

Of course, they talked of nothing else all the rest of the way to Lewiston, and when they arrived there, they were not slow in relating their experience. They were telling that story in a saloon to an interested crowd when a veteran packer asked what day of the month and at what part of the route they had seen these things. They told him. The date was the eleventh of October, they described the place, giving its bearings as well as they could.

"Just as I thought!" muttered the old man half to himself. Then, raising his voice, he said solemnly: "Boys, one year ago, on the eleventh of Oc-

(continued on page 64)

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RATTLESNAKE INCIDENT

By Lorraine Kettlewell.

The Edwin Baird family had been having a difficult time making ends meet during the year of 1916 near Globe, Arizona. They had finally migrated out along the San Pedro River, and there they built a house out of abandoned railroad ties, using the clean-swept earth for a floor.

Here Edwin Baird did small freight jobs and cowpunching, eking out a meager living for his little family. Each morning they pastured the horses along the railroad track but corralled them at night when the train passed through. Life was hard, but no one complained.

Late one summer afternoon, Edwin Baird took his two small sons and sweet, little three-year-old daughter and went out to mend the fence. He sent the boys down the track to get the horses, not noticing that his small daughter trailed after them.

She was too little to climb over the trestle, so she crawled up on a railroad tie along the track edge. Under this tie, in the only available shade, a big rattler was stretched out. The sudden noise above startled him; he rattled, then bit the tiny girl twice on her foot.

She fell and rolled into the barbed-wire fence, where her screams brought her father. He thought she was hurt on the wire, but her mother came running and found where the little girl was struck by the rattler.

The frantic parents rushed her to the house and put a tourniquet on her leg; then they hooked up the team to the buckboard and started for the next ranch, a long fifteen miles away. Reluctantly, they left the three small sons at home alone.

The neighbors owned a new Dodge car and drove them to the nearest small town, which was another twenty-five miles of dirt road. There the doctor worked over the little life all through the night, but at dawn they lost their tiny daughter.

At home three little boys divided up the ranch work, fixed a sandwich, and waited their lonely, scared vigil. Late in the night a cowboy from the neighboring ranch rode over to take care of them. The next morning he asked the boys to show him where the snake had hidden.

They found the snake still there and the cowboy shot him. The snake measured six feet, two inches long, with nineteen rattles and a button.

It was but one well-remembered incident in a long list of true tragedies from early western days. ●RW

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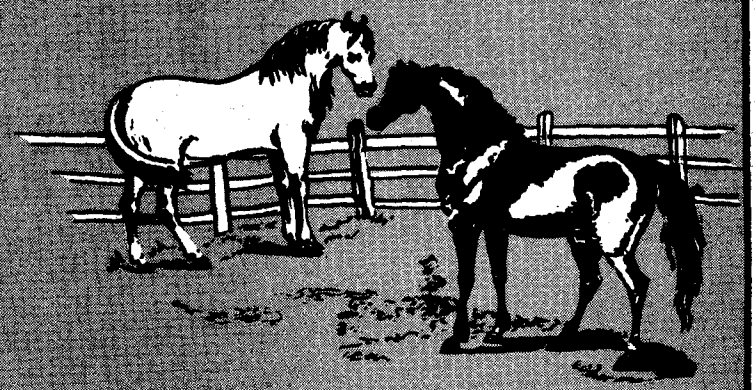
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

STAGE ROBBERS SUMMARILY DEALT WITH

Jacob Elmer and Charles Hinley, two stage robbers belonging to a gang that killed Messenger Collins, in Arizona, on August 10th, were overtaken by Sheriff Paul and a posse, last week, and shot dead.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 13, 1883

APACHE CHIEF, JUH, REPORTED DROWNED

It is reported that Juh, the principal chief of the murderous Apaches, was drowned on the 21st ult., and that his band is very much demoralized. The band is reduced to 150 warriors, who are using every means in their power to obtain ammunition, even offering a horse for ten cartridges. They are said to be menaced by a large body of Mexican troops.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 13, 1883

EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Great alarm was created in San Francisco, on the 10th instant, by a severe earthquake shock. Buildings groaned, metallic roofings cracked, and many persons rush half-dressed from houses and hotels.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 20, 1883

WASHINGTON TERRITORY FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS

A bill granting women the right of suffrage passed the House of the Washington Territory legislature last week. The vote stood 14 to 7. The result of the vote has caused much excitement among the friends of woman suffrage.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 27, 1883

CHARLEY FORD ARRESTED

Charley Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, was arrested at Kansas City, Missouri, last week, under an old indictment for robbery.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Aug. 11, 1883

MORMON SETTLEMENT AT STRINGTON, IDAHO

The Mormon settlement of Strington, in Idaho, extending from Clifton to Oxford, is five miles long. The homesteaders' residences are within three hundred feet of each other, and the farms are mere strips of land about two hundred and fifty feet in width. The land was taken up in this manner to give every settler a frontage on the public road.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 27, 1883

HEATHENISM IN EAST TEXAS

A sad state of heathenism seems to exist in the lumber region of Eastern Texas. The people live in rude huts in the greatest filth and squalor, are ignorant and brutish, in all respects, and have for their only recreation weekly "dances" at which the scraping of old fiddles and the dances themselves are only accompaniments to wild excesses and shameless debauchery. In one section the mill owners recently started a school for their own children and offered its advantages free to all those living in the woods, but the offer was universally refused; sending children to school "would spoil them."

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 27, 1883

GENERAL CROOK' ABSTAINER

General Crook, the Indian fighter, is said to be very abstentious, not drinking any kind of alcoholic liquor, tea or coffee. His favorite beverage is fresh milk. In dress he is equally plain, but he is not in the slightest degree slovenly.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 27, 1883

APACHES OVERWHELMED BY MEXICAN FORCES

Reports from Arizona are to the effect that a body of Mexican troops have routed the marauding Apaches with great slaughter. The troops had been stationed so as to prevent the retreat of the savages into the Sierra Madre Mountains. The Indians then turned and fled towards Arizona, closely followed by the Mexicans, who overtook them at the extreme end of the Swisshelm Mountains, where a running fight ensued.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
November 3, 1883

APACHES SURRENDER AT SILVER CREEK, ARIZONA

Official dispatches announce the surrender of seventy-nine Chiricahua Indians at Silver Creek, Arizona, in accordance with the terms made with General Crook last May. The report of the officer to whom the capitulation was made shows that all of the missing Indians are now accounted for.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
November 17, 1883

RANCHES IN WYOMING AND MONTANA OWNED BY ENGLISHMEN

Two-thirds of the cattle ranches in Wyoming and Montana Territories belong to Englishmen. It costs about three dollars to rear a head of cattle to its third year, when it is worth forty dollars. The greater the herd so much less the expense of the owner in rais-

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ing each head of cattle, for pastures are mostly on Government lands.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
November 17, 1883

MANITOBA THREATENING SECESSION FROM CANADA

An agitation has been started in Manitoba in favor of secession from the Dominion Confederation and the Association of Manitoba and the Northwest.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
November 24, 1883

DEATH OF FRANK JAMES EXPECTED

Frank James, the noted outlaw, is said to be in low health, and his death at no distant day is anticipated by his friends.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Dec. 1, 1883

PROHIBITION GAINING

Prohibition is gaining ground, even in Texas. Two counties have just voted against licensing saloons.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
January 5, 1884

LYNCHING IN TEXAS

A lynching and street fight in McDade, Texas, on Christmas Day, resulted in the death of five persons and the fatal maiming of two others. On the same day two persons were killed and five others wounded in a street fight in Allendale, South Carolina.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
January 5, 1884

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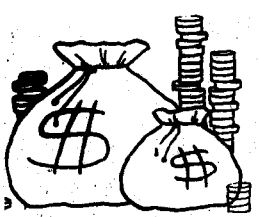

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CHARLES SIRINGO

(continued from page 43)

end of the herd and, discovering the absence of his guns, decided to rope a calf, at least. He selected one and roped it but had some trouble with the mother, who charged the pony repeatedly, trying to gore it. To Charlie's relief, this unnatural mother soon abandoned her baby and ran off after the rest of the herd. Charlie's problem now, with the calf at the end of the rope, was how to kill her without a gun. That was soon solved, in a way no doubt repugnant to most of us. He dismounted and threw her, steer-fashion, and cut her throat with his rusty jackknife. He rode into camp proudly with her hide and some sections of choice meat.

It was the time when the repeated depredations on the buffalo herds had not really begun to show their effect. Charlie mentions seeing a herd three miles wide which took three days and nights to cross the Canadian River. At other times, he says, he had seen them so thick that the prairie would be black as far as the eye could reach.

The prairies were really uncluttered in those days. Charlie mentions Tascosa, "a little Mexican town on the Canadian. There were only two Americans there, Howard and Reinhart, who kept the only store in town. Their stock of goods consisted of three barrels of whisky and half a dozen boxes of soda crackers."

Charlie had to travel to Chicago several times on stockyard business. Listen to him, and think of today's prices: "On arriving in Chicago, I went right to the Palmer House, but after paying one dollar for dinner I concluded its price too high for a common clodhopper like myself. So I moved to the Ervin House, close to the Washington St. tunnel, a two-dollar a day house."

During his travels Charlie caught the smallpox in Colorado City. It didn't really affect him until he was out on the prairie, traveling to the nearest town, then it hit him. He tied his two ponies to the nearest telegraph poles, wrapped himself in his blanket and laid down. After some rest, he started on his way again, not realizing how awesome he looked with his mouth swollen and covered with blisters. Curiously he says no other part of his body was so affected. He stopped at the first farmhouse he came to and asked for help, but after one look at him, the woman screamed "Smallpox! Smallpox!" and the man of the house reluctantly but firmly turned him out, explaining that his first duty was to his wife and three children.

Charlie started again on his painful, fever-wracked journey, finally coming to a section house, occupied at the time by one hand. Having learned his lesson from the previous house, he covered his lower face with his kerchief. The one man in the house evidently figured that Charlie was on the run, but he fed him and bedded him down anyway. In the morning, Charlie proceeded to the nearest town and saw a doctor, who told him the worst phase of the disease was over and that his strong constitution had saved him.

Charlie's random remarks, about the life and economy of the times, are an interesting contrast with today. Hear him talk prices: "The cost of raising a three-year-old steer on any of the great cattle ranges of the West can safely be put down at $4.75. That is, at the present time. Of course, as time glides on and the humane feeling which now exists in the East invades the West, then the cost will be more, as the building of sheds, etc. for winter use will be necessary."

He continues: "To get that three-year-old steer to Chicago ... will cost $5.75, making the total cost $10.50. Now the average weight of a three-year-old Texas grass-fed steer on the Chicago market is 950 pounds; and the average price per pound, putting it at the lowest notch, is 3 cents, making the steer bring $28.50 — a net profit of $18.00."

On cow-ponies: "The cow-pony is a terribly abused animal, especially in large outfits, where so many different men are at work ... To give you a faint idea of how some of the poor dumb brutes suffer, imagine yourself an old, knee-sprung, poor, sore-backed pony, whose hips and shoulders are scarred up with Spanish brands and spur gashes. It is now early spring; the green grass is just beginning to show itself. You are feeling happy after your long rest, and the thought of having plenty of green tender grass to eat, instead of having to root through the snow and ice for a few sprigs of dry, tasteless herbs.

But your happiness is of short duration; for here comes a crowd of the old hands on their fat, corn-fed ponies to round you in; for spring work is about to commence. You break and run to try to get away, but you are too weak. They soon overtake you and start you toward the home ranch. You are driven into the corral with the rest of your bony-looking companions. The old last year's sore on your back has healed up, and a new coat of hair is just starting to grow over it. The man 'Curly' catches you for the first time. When he tries to throw his old shell of a saddle on your back, you give a snort and go to pitching, like nearly all Spanish ponies, which causes Mr. Curly's blood to become riled.

So he puts a hitch on your nose and begins to tame you, by beating you over the head and back with a doubled rope. He finally gets you saddled. You finally step into a badger hole or stub your toe against a rock and fall, throwing Mr. Curly against the ground with terrible force. Your mad master takes hold of the bridle-reins and goes to abusing you for falling — not only with his tongue, but by jerking the reins, which are attached to the severe Spanish bit, causing your mouth to bleed, and kicking you in the stomach with the toe of his boot.

Towards night the day's work is finished. Curly jerks the saddle off your back and turns you loose without washing your back. The day has been very hot, causing last year's sore to become scalded; consequently, when the saddle was jerked off, the old scab with its new growth of hair also went, having adhered to the blanket ..." Charlie also mentions the invariably bloody sides of the ponies, resultant from the day-long digging of the spurs.

Charlie mentions these reprehensible practices with distaste; he himself was obviously a lover of horseflesh and never indulged in these practices. He was, overall, a good man, although he did have some distasteful habits. He drank too much at one time, telling of "passing out"; he was either quarrelsome or extremely touchy, engaging in numerous fights from childhood into manhood; he had a weakness for gambling, which cost him plenty of money. And he had an unlikable habit of referring to Mexicans as "greasers" and Negroes as "coons" and "niggers", but I suppose that went with the society he lived in.

But withal, he was a real cowhand. He did it all; he traveled the old cattle trails when they were crowded with longhorn steers; he worked in the rain, the sleet, the snow, the thunderstorms, the heat, and the stampedes. He thirsted, he baked, he froze, but he knew his business. He was, in a way, a pioneer. ●RW

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BUNKHOUSE BOOKSHELF

GOLD AND WHERE THEY FOUND IT

A Guide to Ghost Towns and Mining Camp Sites

By Cy and Jeannie Martin

Trans-Anglo Books

$8.95 Illustrated

Men and women have hunted and prized gold more than any other metal through thousands of years of history. The dramatic and often surprising searches for gold and the life in the picturesque towns that grew up around the mines have become a fascinating part of the history of the West in America and Canada. It is little wonder that reading about and visiting ghost towns and mining camp sites are becoming increasingly popular. Fact reads like fiction in *Gold! And Where They Found It*, which tells the history of both the famous and little-known mining booms.

This book is particularly valuable because it covers gold discoveries throughout America instead of only the best-known and regional ones. The text tells how individual mines were dramatically discovered and how adjacent towns started, prospered, and began to decline. The book lists the most important and interesting ghost towns and mining camps, giving specific directions to help you reach many sites which are not generally known.

Supplementing the text are more than 200 illustrations, including maps, historic and modern photographs of mining towns, sketches, and pictures of those who became famous for discovering mines. The book covers virtually every place where gold was discovered in the United States and Canada; these include ghost towns and mines in Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oregon, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Virginia, Washington and Wyoming — plus British Columbia and The Yukon. Both Cy and Jeannie Martin have been frequent contributors to REAL WEST. It is a pleasure to review their first book.

The New American Library, P.O. Box 999, Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621 announces two more in their Signet Brand Western Series:

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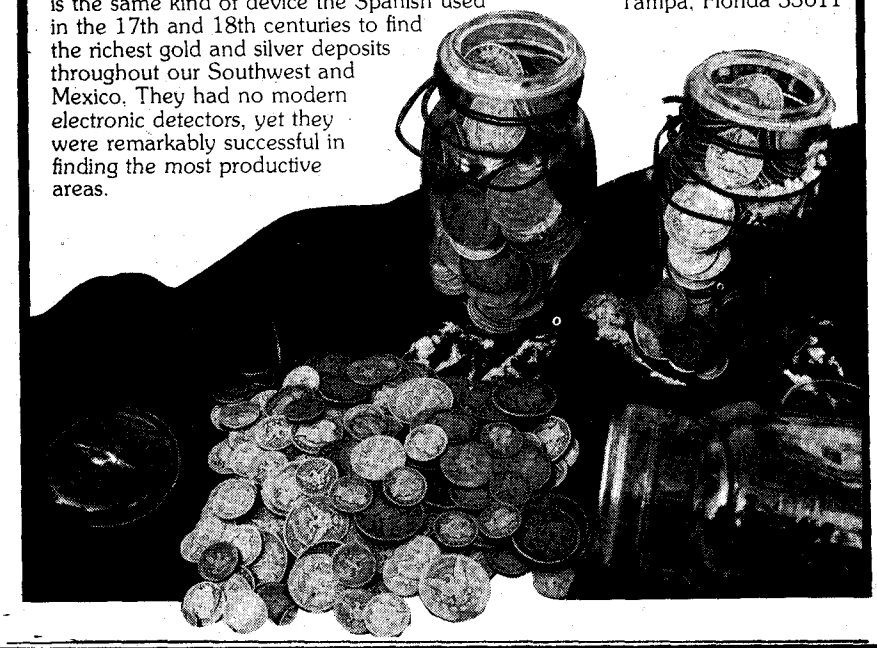

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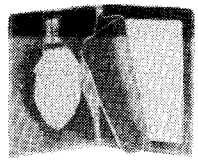

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FREMONT

(continued from page 31)

windows looking out on San Francisco Bay.

"At last," wrote Mrs. Fremont, "after many wanderings, many separations, and many strange experiences, we saw a home of congenial beauty and repose — a home which time would make a fortune to our children as holders of this little property; its 13 acres more dear to me than the many miles and mines of the Mariposa."

The home became a little Versailles.

Bret Harte, then a struggling journalist, was a frequent visitor. He read his manuscripts to Mrs. Fremont. She helped him correct them and find a publisher.

The Rev. Thomas Starr King, now California's official hero for saving the state for the Union in the Civil War, wrote his passionate patriotic sermons along with essays and articles for eastern publications in a cottage on the estate.

Other writers, artists and musicians found a refuge there.

In England, when someone spoke of "The Duke" during this era, he meant The Duke of Wellington. Similarly in California, when one spoke of "The Colonel," he meant Fremont.

For the moment, they had arrived at Camelot.

It almost seemed too good to last, and it was.

The seeds of destruction had been there from the very start. They were nurtured by the Civil War.

There is an old saying in the mining business that it takes a gold mine to operate a gold mine. From the beginning, Fremont had been in need of money for working capital to develop and operate his mines.

Early in operations, he authorized David Hoffman to go to London with leases for mining operations. Unfortunately, Hoffman received the impression he had the authority to sell the land outright. At the same time, to compound confusion, Fremont put up the whole estate as security for a loan from a San Francisco banking firm. Hoffman, the bankers, British investors and Fremont soon found themselves enmeshed in all sorts of entangled litigation.

Fremont was in London trying to sell more mining stock when he first heard that the Civil War had broken out. He dropped everything and offered his services to Lincoln.

Lincoln gave him the rank of major general and placed him in command of Union forces in Missouri. One of those Fremont commissioned as a subordinate was Ulysses S. Grant, who had received the "Brush-off" from the War Department when he came to Washington to volunteer.

In later years, Grant said that Fremont had the correct strategy for defeating the Confederacy through operations in the West and along the Mississippi. Unfortunately, Fremont was not able to carry out his plans.

He was a naturally impetuous man. This very impetuosity got him into deep trouble. He soon found himself in a running fight with Lincoln and the other leaders of the Republican Party.

On his own initiative, Fremont issued an emancipation proclamation for the areas under his command. Lincoln was not yet ready to go this far. He felt Fremont's action had embarrassed his administration and driven waverers into the arms of Jefferson Davis.

On the eve of the day Fremont planned to launch an all-out attack on Confederate forces, Lincoln removed him from command.

Public outrage exploded. Lincoln was denounced as an "appeaser" and for conducting a "no-win" war. In the face of public indignation, Lincoln was compelled to give Fremont a new command in Western Virginia, where Fremont was humiliated by "Stonewall" Jackson.

In the meantime, in fear that England would ally with the Confederacy and the British Navy might seize San Francisco, the Federal Government seized Black Point. The Army tore down the house, converted the land into a fortress, and put up cannon facing Alcatraz to catch the British in a cross fire. The British never showed up, nor did the U.S. government ever reimburse the Fremonts for their home.

Now because he had given full attention to the Civil War, he had badly neglected the Mariposa Grant. The agents he left in charge when he went off to war were guilty of gross mismanagement. He also found that he had badly oversold stock in firms set up for development of the mines and ranch. Past mistakes at last caught up with him.

Mismanagement and stock sales were coupled with lawsuits and being the victim of frauds. Legal expenses alone totalled $600,000. When the lawsuits were finally settled, he no longer owned the Mariposa Grant. By 1862 he was actually about $2.25 million in debt.

His last moment of glory was running as a third-party candidate for president against Lincoln in 1864. Before election day, however, he was forced to withdraw in Lincoln's favor to prevent a Democratic victory.

Dreams remained, but even dreams were now turning against him. He was still a dashing figure, but he was now falling like a meteor.

He had always dreamed of helping to build a transcontinental railroad. Two of his major expeditions had been to select a route for such a railroad. He thought he could fulfill this dream when the Memphis and El Paso Railroad made him its president.

What money was left from the Mariposa Grant he invested in the railroad. Then the railroad went broke.

Fremont, too, was bankrupt. There was no hope now for recovery. For a brief respite, he served as territorial governor of Arizona. Even here, his salary didn't meet his daily expenses. In the end, Mrs. Fremont had to support them by writing her reminiscences for magazines.

America had cast John C. Fremont aside.

Death finally came to Fremont in a tawdry New York rooming house, far from the gold and glory of California. Mrs. Fremont subsisted in near poverty in Los Angeles until granted a pension shortly before her death.

Fremont was a comet in the West, and like a comet, he had his final burst of glory at the ranch before he fell into eternal darkness.

But for one moment, there was Camelot. ●**RW**

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

Bring to my bedside a cup of cold water
A cold cup of water, the poor boy said
When I returned the spirit had left him
The crowd was around him the cowboy was dead.

Get six hansome gamblers to carry my coffin
Get six "purty" maidens to sing me a song
Cover me over with Texas Bluebonnets
I'm a young gambler I know I've done wrong.

ENJOYS "I SEE BY YESTERDAY NEWSPAPERS"

Dear Sir:

Your excellent magazine has just come my way, and what a great value it is! It makes a great change from the commercial cinema where the cowboys always wear offensively clean shirts. I always read your section that reprints Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. I guess this paper has long since disappeared, but has anyone reprinted copies for collectors?

And could you print my name and address, as I would like to make the acquaintance of an American who loves his western history as much as I do. Many thanks,

Cordially yours and greetings from,
Desmond Hartley
159 Farmilo Road
Leyton E17 8JP
London, England

CAPTIONS TO PICTURES REVERSED

Dear Sir:

In regard to the photos on page 43 of your October issue. The name Benteen was under the photo you identify as Reno, and Reno under the picture of Benteen. Am I correct?

Sincerely,
Richard Noble
352 Quincy St.
Oconto, Wisconsin 54981

Our faces are red. The captions were mistakenly reversed. Thanks for your observation.

COMMENTS ON CUSTER

Dear Sir:

I have just been introduced to your magazine. When I read your MAIL ROUNDUP (September 1974), I happened by two letters which concerned General Custer. The first letter I agree with wholeheartedly, but the second one I would like to make a few comments on.

First, I, too, have studied a lot about Custer and Crazy Horse (Oglala Sioux), the latter who is my hero. I have found that the Battle of the Rosebud and the Little Bighorn shouldn't have taken place, and Custer could have prevented it.

Second, he did have a lot of enemies because of the reason stated, but also because he was a liar and a cheat. I think I should emphasize one thing: In the letter from Richard Kerns, "He (Custer) wrote one thing and did another."

I would like to see an article about Crazy Horse.

Sincerely,
Bryan Brattin
905 S. Center St.
Casper, Wyoming 82601

An article about Crazy Horse is scheduled for the near future.

REAL WEST ANNUAL INTRODUCTION NOT NECESSARY

Dear Sir:

The "Introduction" in your Fall 1974 edition of REAL WEST wasn't necessary, as any author or writer of true western history knows all about what you published, and possibly more of it and more truth in their stories. Only "most" western magazines ignore and reject good true stories, just because the author isn't a "name" writer of western stories, true or false. Yet these magazines continue to publish stories that have already been published elsewhere a dozen times in various publications.

The authors "ghostwrite" a story, change the title and the wording a little, add a lot of stale bull and collect pay for it. There are lots of untold true stories of the old west in the Pacific northwest and in Western Canada, but these so-called "authors of true stories" don't know there were ever any people living north of Denver, Colorado; and whenever they write about the stagecoach lines, they only know of Wells Fargo, Butterfield and Overland. There were many stage lines in the Pacific northwest that used some of the first autos for stages, after the stagecoach was discontinued.

The Acme-Deming stage between Mt. Vernon and Bellingham, Washington used a large Buick or Thomas Flyer for hauling passengers, baggage and mail around 1910. Art Mathers of Chelan was driving a 4-horse stage between Lake Chelan and Chelan Landing on the Columbia River. He also drove stages between Chelan and Wenatchee and other local routes. I've sent true stories to various "Western Magazines" and had them slapped back in my face while at the same time they published stories from other authors that were 90 per cent "stale bull chips". They wouldn't even fertilize a square foot of weeds. That's why I quit sending true stories to these magazines.

Walt Thayer
Wenatchee, Washington 98801 ● **RW**

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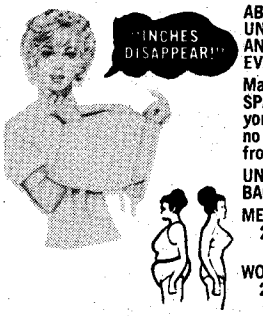

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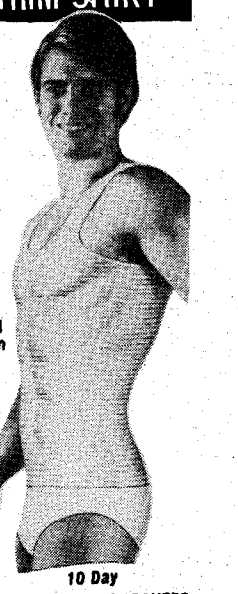

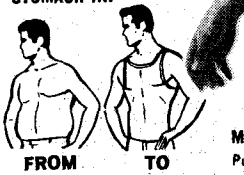

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STORY BEHIND THE SONG

(continued from page 25)

or dinner,
But he lies in a supperless bed in the mud.

"No corn or potatoes, no bread nor tomatoes,
But jerked beef as dry as the soles of your shoe;
All day without drinking, all night without winking,
I'll tell you, kind stranger, this will never do.

"Those great alligators, the state legislators
Are puffing and blowing two-thirds of their time.
But windy orations about Rangers and rations,
Never put in our pocket one-tenth of a dime.

"They do not regard us, they will not reward us,
Though hungry and haggard with holes in our coats,
But the elections coming and they will be drumming
And praising our valor to purchase our votes."

This ballad is also literature for its portrayal of Ranger hardships during the old days. A Ranger's life was rough. And peril rode the saddle with him.

His biggest aggravation was such low pay for such dangerous work. Salaries seldom averaged more than $40 per month — not much more than cowboy wages but with many times the hazards. Captains sometimes drew monthly salaries of $100 and were worth every cent of it. But almost any county sheriff could earn four times more than Rangers having to patrol areas often larger than New England states.

Now and then Rangers might share a reward for the capture of a desperado. But this was "risky money — nothing to count on steady" as many veterans of those chases have recalled.

All rangers were required to furnish their own horses, saddles and other riding gear. There were no clothing allowances. Though in those days a fair shirt could be purchased for fifty cents, a sturdy pair of pants for no more than three dollars, heavy chaps or overpants required in rides across rough country for five or six dollars.

Pensions for retired Rangers and their widows were disgracefully small. Mrs. L. H. McNelly lived on a pittance after her worn-out young husband had died of tuberculosis at age thirty-one. Few of those dedicated lawmen had outside incomes. No wonder that some, particularly men with dependent families, left the force to accept better-paying jobs as railroad guards or mine superintendents.

Hunger and thirst were still other hazards in desolate areas where water and game were scarce. State-allotted food supplies might become exhausted on long dry matches across arid or drouth-stricken terrain. Water barrels, often borne by pack animals, might run dry.

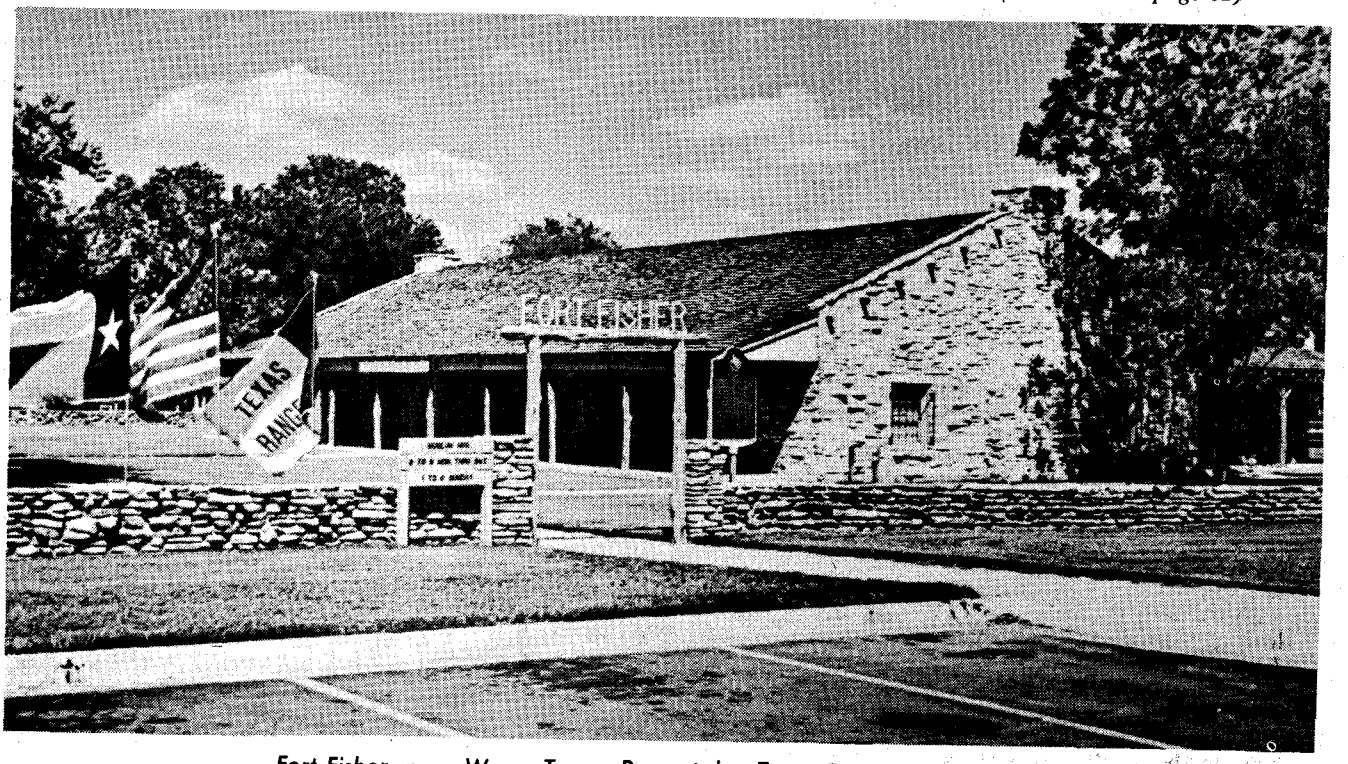
Old Ranger Sam Nichols used to tell how he and his patrol once lived for four days on frozen blackbirds after a snowstorm had hit their camp in a far stretch of western Texas.

His neighbor, Dick Preece, had served in the Rangers during the fierce Indian battles that rocked central Texas just before the Civil War. Once the water supply of his company had been a contaminated one from a creek in whose channel lay the carcass of a rotting dead buffalo.

Only men of great devotion would have made the sacrifices required of Texas Rangers. And if they were not given much to oratory or bragging, many must have consciously realized that leaving the force would undermine an emerging, infant civilization by strengthening the plunderers and killers. But there were settlers who did appreciate them, who stood by them in the long struggle against outlawry, and who raised "old billy hell" whenever proposals were made at Austin, the capital, to disband or diminish their protectors.

Witness this indignant ballad, "Muster Out the Rangers." What a

(continued on page 62)



Fort Fisher, near Waco, Texas. Present-day Texas Ranger headquarters.

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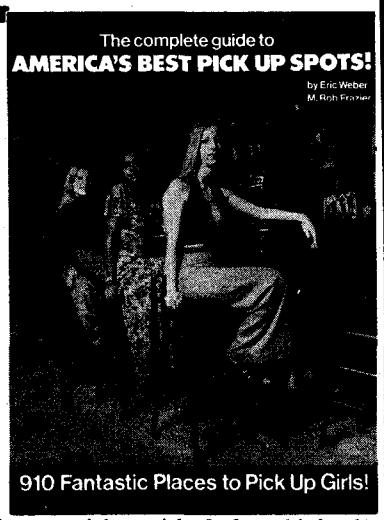
WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!

910 ACTION SPOTS WHERE A GUY CAN'T HELP BUT SCORE!



If you've always suspected that somewhere out there are bars and discotheques where a guy can't miss, you're absolutely right! And now, for the first time ever, you can visit these places yourself. Yes, NOW you can experience what it's like to walk into a swinging, rocking discotheque where luscious, horny, long-haired girls outnumber men ten to one! All you need is AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS! This fantastic 320 page book gives you the names and addresses of over 900 great places to pick up girls. In fact, this book makes it so incredibly easy to meet and sleep with girls, you'll wish it had been written years ago. Here are just a few of the 910 pick up spots you're going to learn all about:

- **A discotheque where girls are so liberated you can often sleep with them the same night you meet them!**
- A bar where girls ask you to dance if you don't ask them!
- **A *nude* beach where hundreds of tan naked girls sit around just waiting for you to talk to them!**
- A bar chock full of rich divorcees who park their yachts at a special dock in back of the bar, then come inside to get picked up!

26 SWINGING CITIES THIS BOOK COVERS SO THOROUGHLY, YOU CAN HAVE A GIRL IN EVERY PORT:

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HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

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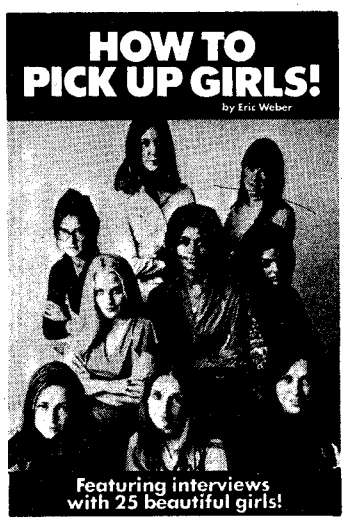

Here is a book that not only teaches you *exactly* how to pick up girls. It *guarantees* you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and *date* at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

THE BOOK MILLIONS OF MEN HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxurious blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through that icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof*!!! You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We GUARANTEE IT!

Here are just a few of the more than 100 surefire techniques you will learn and master: • **How to be sexy** • Best places to pick up girls • **How to make shyness work for you** • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • **How to talk dirty seductively** • Why girls get horny • **Fifty great opening lines** • The greatest pick up technique in the world • **Why women are dying to get picked up** • How to get women to pick *you* up

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STORY BEHIND THE SONG

(continued from page 60)

pity that it is also not annotated and also of uncertain origin.

"Yes, muster them out, the valiant band
That guards our western home
.....
"So muster them out, though the morning light
Finds havoc on every hand.
.....
"Some dear one is sick and the horses all gone
So we can't for a doctor send;
The outlaws were here in the light of the moon
And no Rangers here to defend.
.....
"Have fewer men in the capitol walls,
Fewer tongues in the war of words.
But add to the Rangers, the living wall
That keeps back the bandit hordes.
Have fewer dinners, less turtle soup
If the taxes are too high ...
.....
"Don't waste so much of your money
Printing speeches people don't read.
If you'd only take off what's used for that,
'Twould lower the tax instead.
.....
"But leave us the Rangers to guard us still
Nor think they cost too dear ..."

This almost forgotten ballad is also a poem of dangerous frontier living. It bears the marks of having been written by some educated, well-informed frontiersman knowing from personal experience what a raw land might be without the presence of the Rangers.

A rather atypical version has been published by West Texas historian J. Evetts Haley. Mr. Haley claims that the ballad was written by a pair of rangers who did frontier duty in that area. The statement is made in his book, *Gharles Goodnight — A Biography of a Noted Cattleman.*

More books will undoubtedly be written about that imperishable law-enforcement corps the Rangers. More movies based upon their adventures may be produced. Let us hope that they may be more accurate than some that have been filmed in the past. New ballads may be written.

Texans would no more permit the Rangers to be destroyed than they would the Alamo shrine or the treaties signed with foreign nations by the tenderly remembered Lone Star Republic. Whenever the force has been under attack, thousands of their compatriots have risen up in defense, including legislators championing them when appropriations were being debated.

"Then mount and away! give the fleet steed the rein;
The Rangers at home on the prairie again."
(Texan Rangers Song — quoted by J. Frank Dobie.)

And now in the second half of their second century, they are still at home — anywhere in Texas.

Yet their homeland is no longer a frontier country expecting its men of the law to work for stingy pay.

Rangers, like other state policeman, receive decent wages. They are protected by modern pension, benefit and tenure systems. Meanwhile the force has kept maturing with that large domain which it guards. In this crime-haunted era, it has proven as reliable in the pursuit of sophisticated thieves and murderers and dope peddlers as it was chasing those more simplistic criminals of the Old West.

Within the underworld of big cities like Dallas, Houston and San Antonio the fearful word goes around: "You'd better not tangle with the Texas Rangers."

The great majority of modern-day lawbreakers are far swifter than the saddleback outlaws crushed by the Rangers during decades recently gone. Today's desperadoes usually travel by car or plane. Matching wit with wit, speed with speed, so do the Rangers.

Yet the Ranger tradition of "the fleet steed" persists as it does so many other living Texans.

"All Rangers own horses or have access to them". So Clint Peoples, senior Ranger captain, wrote the authors under date of January 11, 1974." "However the use of horses is very limited, only used in such terrain that is otherwise unaccessible."

In many instances, horses have been shipped by train to points where Rangers could mount them for assignments across rough spots. But today the force no longer "fights" Indians and Mexicans.

These races are respected, like other Texans, for the contributions they make and the taxes they pay. At various times, Mexican — descended Texans have served as Rangers — some died under fire in battles with outlaw gangs. Presently, close cooperation exists between the Texas Rangers and the Mexican Judicial Police across the border. So either side of the Rio Grande is less the haven for fleeing lawbreakers than it once was. For a long time, also, Mexico has had a stable government friendly to the United States.

We anticipate that a number of our readers will want to know more about the Rangers than we have been able to include within the scope of this one article.

We suggest that you write the Ranger headquarters at the State Department of Public Safety, Austin, Texas, 78773. An interesting pamphlet, *The Texas Rangers: an American Legend* by Robert Stephens can be acquired by writing John R. Powers, Jr., vice-president of Daisy Heddon at Arkansas 72756. Daisy, well known for its air rifles, has cooperated with two other famous gunmakers (Winchester, Smith and Wesson) to provide replicas of historic Ranger weapons. It was the Texas Rangers who revolutionized frontier warfare by introducing repeating weapons, displacing the former single-shot ones.

Projected for the future is a magnificent Ranger Hall of Fame. Meantime, a visit to present headquarters at Fort Fisher is well worth anybody's time.

Robert Stephens has called the great force "an American legend unequalled in reputation and performance of duty."

Which, in Texan lingo, is putting the right brand on the right bunch.

●RW

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Personal interviews with old Rangers

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

believed to be a corruption of Wonkus meaning "fox" or "the circler." He was a Mohegan Chief, son of Owenoco. In 1626 he married the daughter of Sassacus, Chief of the Pequot, and became one of their leaders. He rebelled against Sassacus and was defeated and banished from the tribe. He fled to the Narraganset where he was received with friendship.

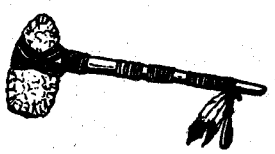
He soon made his peace with the Pequot and returned to their tribe. Later, Uncas repaid the trust of both tribes by fighting against them with the English in the King Philip war of 1675. He was said to be selfish, jealous and tyrannical as well as ambitious with bad personal habits and was addicted to many of the vices of the white man. He died in 1682 or '83, and in spite of his faults, a monument to his memory was erected by the citizens of Norwich, Connecticut in July 1847, the cornerstone of which was laid by President Jackson in 1833.

Although he fought against Christianity among his people, a bronze statue surmounting a large boulder was erected through the efforts of Mrs. Edward Clark afterwards the wife of Bishop H. C. Potter, on the site of the home of James Fenimore Cooper, at Cooperstown, New York. This is an example of how fact and fantasy mixed in history.

Not especially esteemed by his own people, the fame of Uncas was probably due to the novel by James Fenimore Cooper where Uncas was the hero in *The Last of the Mohicans.*

To have been correct, however, the name of the novel should have been, *The Last of the Mohegans.* The Mohicans and Mahicans were somewhat related but were a different and separate tribe from the Mohegans of whom Uncas was a member. It seems a strange fate that Uncas, who captured Miantonomo by trickery and was a rival of Ninigret, should be the one of the three men most honored and remembered.

This is another example of the difficulty the Indians had in their early contact with the white men and its effect on their lives. ●RW



PHANTOM CAMP

(continued from page 52)

tober, 1863, Floyd Magruder and four other men were murdered on that very plateau, and you all remember, how last March, Doc Howard, Lavery and Romain were hanged for that murder right in this town."

And so it was. The murder of Floyd Magruder was one of the most atrocious crimes ever perpetrated in the region. Magruder was a packer and trader who had accumulated fourteen thousand dollars in gold dust and was returning with it to Lewiston. Doc Howard, an educated scoundrel, learned of this and devised a plot to obtain the gold. He and his accomplices, Lavery, Romain, and a man named Page, wormed themselves into Magruder's confidence so successfully that he took them into his employ, and on his homeward journey they accompanied him as trusted assistants. Two missionaries joined the train on the way back, and they also were murdered.

The details of the butchery were afterwards made known through the confession of Page, who turned state's evidence to save his own neck. Had it depended upon the Territorial authorities the murderers would have escaped, for they had succeeded in getting as far as San Francisco before the crime was discovered; but Hill Besely, the stage agent, a most determined and energetic man, had been a friend of Floyd Magruder, and he took up the pursuit, traced the criminals, caused their arrest in San Francisco, had them brought back to Lewiston, and never paused until they had been duly executed. The traitor, Page, did not enjoy his immunity long, having been killed in a brawl only a few months after regaining his liberty.

And now, what was it that Benton Jones and those who were with him saw that October night in the Bitter Root Mountains? That is a question which was debated by the people of Lewiston for a long time without anyone reaching a solution, There are, indeed, certain theories held by queer thinkers to the effect that the agents of great crimes, when they enter the spirit world, are doomed to haunt the scene of their villainy and to re-enact it in a kind of ghastly dumb show. But the case of Benton Jones is not quite finished, and what remains to be told seems to have a bearing upon the spectacle of the phantom camp: Two years after that episode, the vigilance committee arrested, convicted and sentenced to death a notorious evildoer.

Before he died he made a general confession, and among other things, he stated that he had been one of the three men who joined themselves to the train of the packer named Jones, with the intention of watching their opportunity, rising in the night and killing him and his men for the sake of his gold. The fearful scene of the eleventh of October, however, had so completely unnerved and terrified the intending murderers that they had abandoned the undertaking and stealthily decamped the next morning to avoid awkward questions. From the time of that disclosure Benton Jones and his men entertained a very positive and well-defined theory as to the significance of the appearance herein described. ●RW

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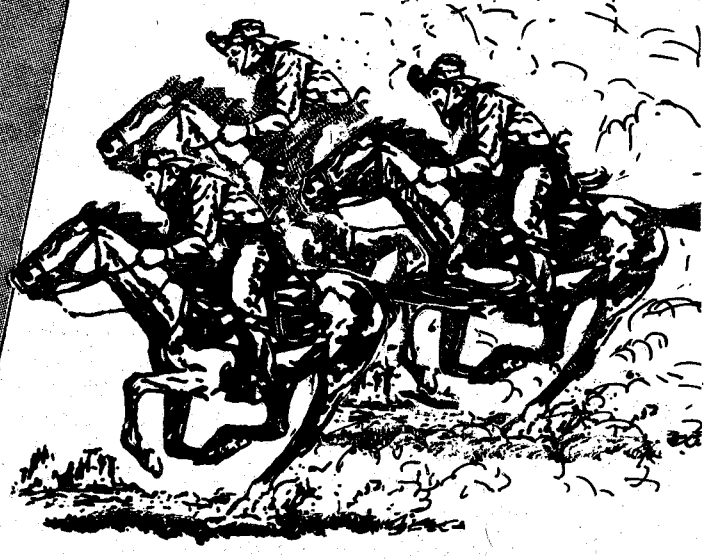

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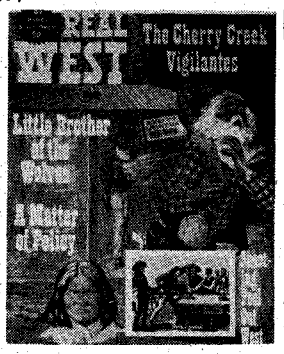

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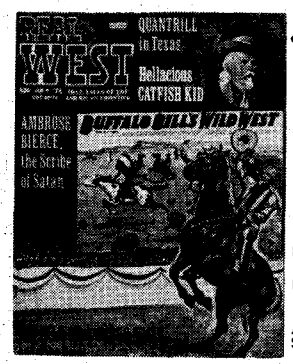

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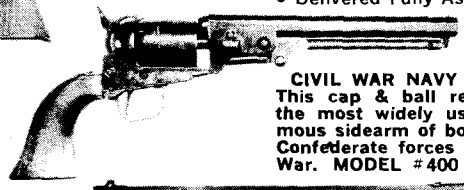

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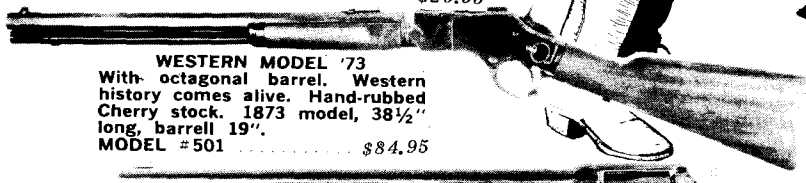

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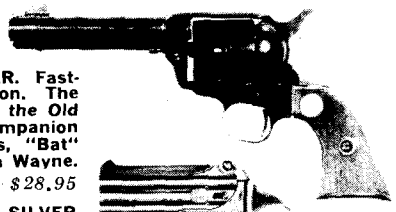

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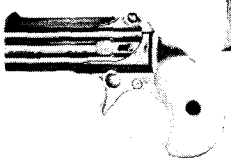

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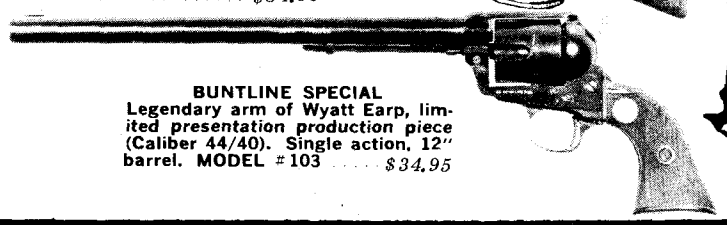

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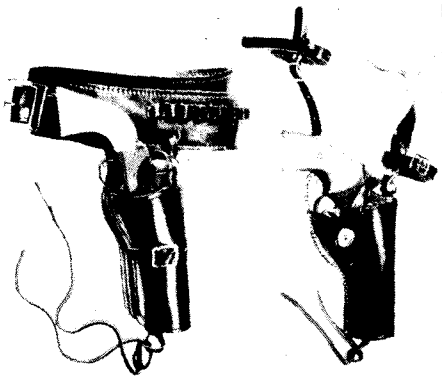

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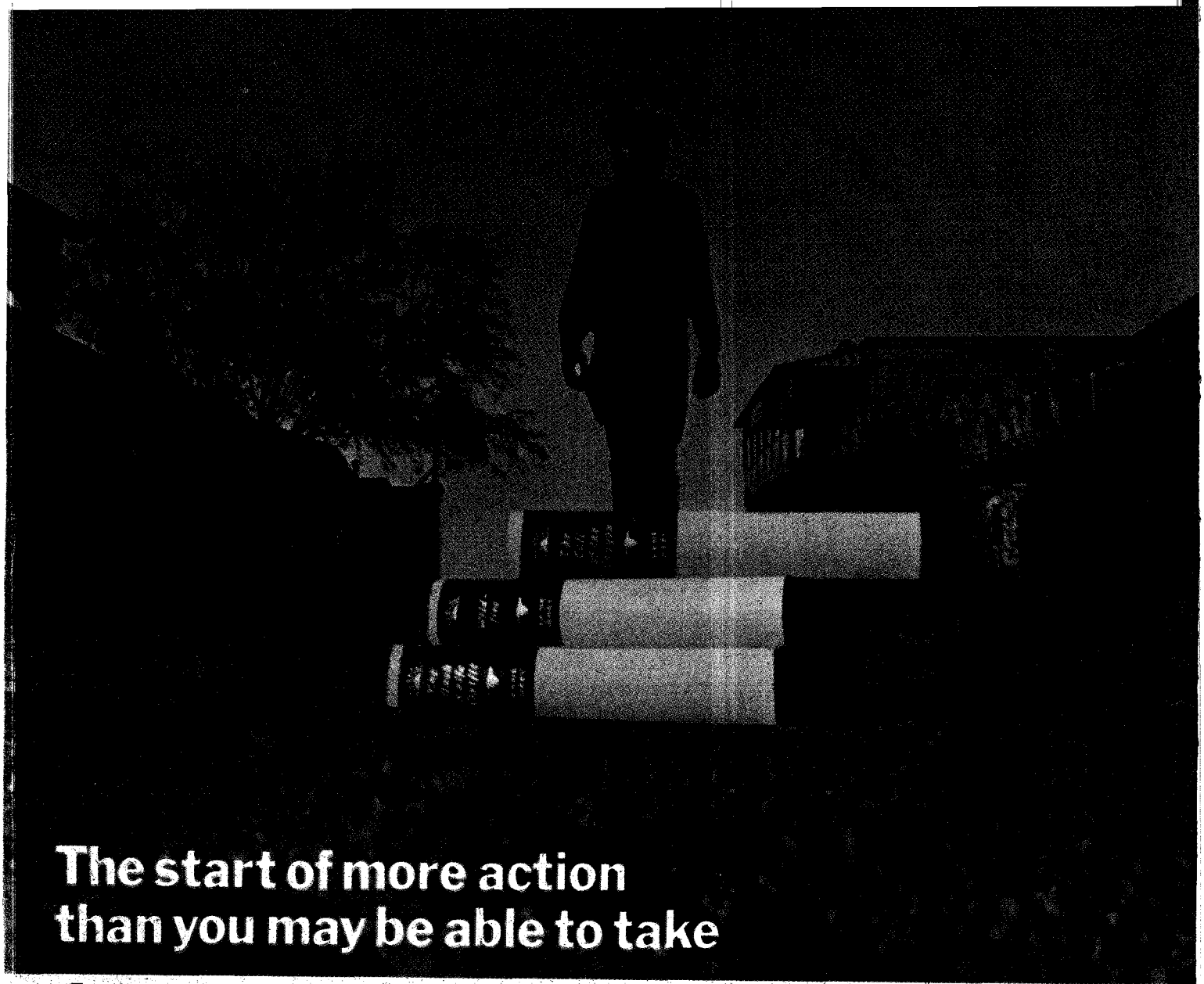

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